The Washington Monthly

MAY 1979/$1.50

LAURA FOREMAN: MY SIDE OF THE STORY

Making It in the Military

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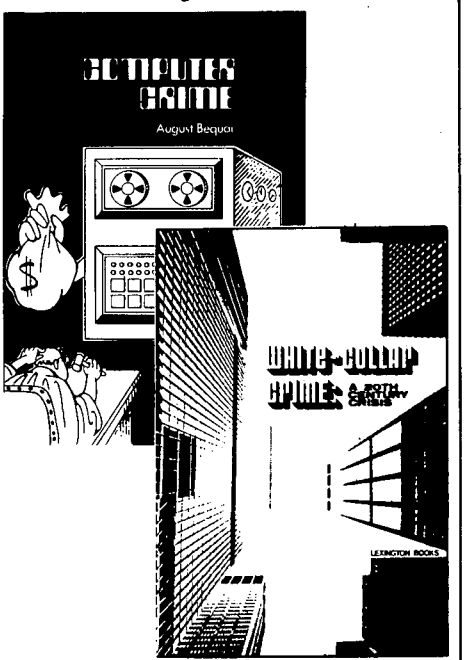
The $40 Billion Industry



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Published monthly except combined July/August issue by the Washington Monthly Company, 1028 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036

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Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions– $18, one year; $30, two years; $39, three years. Foreign, including Canada, $2 per year additional, surface; air mail rates available on request. Back issues, $2. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to 1028 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. For changes of address please provide six weeks advance notice and return old address label.

The Washington Monthly is indexed in the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, the Social Science Index and Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory, and may be obtained on microfilm from Xerox University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, MI.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Second class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and additional offices.

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Letters

I seldom write editors concerning articles in their publications except by way of a response often, I fear, vitriolic in tone.

It is such a pleasure to write and commend you and its author, Mr. Thomas Massey, on the article in your February 1978 edition, "The American Class System and How to End It."

Layers of well-insulated self-interests at the top, and a sense of defeatism and self-hate at the bottom will likely render Mr. Massey's suggested solution to the American class system impossible to implement except during periods of national emergency, such as war. But he has set forth in straightforward terms both the parameters and the seriousness of the problem. For that he deserves our thanks and the personal commitment of those of us who remain concerned about the injustice of class in a classless society.

DERRICK A. BELL, JR.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Derrick A. Bell, Jr. is a professor at Harvard Law School.

I'm not a good writer. Or a good talker. But I read pretty good and after reading Thomas Massey's "The American Class System and How to End It" I see again that you don't like meritocracy. That's good because I hope you practice what you preach because I want you to print this letter even if it isn't written too good. I always read *The Washington Monthly* from cover to cover and it's pretty clear that you don't like titles, or merit badges, as you call them, even though everyone of your stable of writers is called an "Editor." And even though you say you don't like meritocracy you don't let any bad writing get into your magazine. I bet you do after all discriminate against people who don't write good.

But you seem to let people in your pages who don't think good. Like Mr. Massey who tells us in the beginning what a bad world this would be if all the really good people would be on the top and all the lazy and dumb people would be on the bottom. And then later he says that performance is what counts and what we need is a true meritocracy in which all the really good people would be on the top and all the lazy and dumb people would be on the bottom.

As I say, I don't write too good, but I know you will practice what you preach and let some of us poor writers into your magazine. I understand that some magazines pay their writers 5 cents a word and maybe that's what Mr. Massey was trying to do, pick up a nice piece of change with his long article by saying with his title an idea you like to hear even though he ends up rejecting it. Maybe you didn't see this when you read the article. Maybe you do practice what you preach. Maybe one of us dumb guys got to be one of those many, many editors of *The Washington Monthly*. Good for us.

At 5 cents a word, I figure you owe me $17.15 if you print this. I didn't count this paragraph. This paragraph is free. It's just a business paragraph.

ERNEST ROSSI
Portage, Michigan

The author replies:

My objection is not to judgments about performance—drawing distinctions between good and bad writing, for example—but to a "merit" system in which those judgments play too small a part. Imperfect and biased as their standards often are, such fields as sports, competitive small business, and, yes, writing come closer to measuring performance than does the general system of pay, status, and professional advancement in the United States. In these competitive fields, it's possible to tell a good job from a bad one; a worthy pedigree or a background full of promise will not long protect the person whose product costs too much, whose batting average is falling, who shows poor editorial judgment in putting out a magazine. At the same time, these fields more readily welcome a person who can perform, despite his spotty background or early failures, than does, say, the foreign service.

In such judgments there is cruelty, but they seem to me far kinder than the current "meritocratic" system. By clinging to the myth of true competition, while giving advantages of birth and rearing such tremendous weight, the "meritocracy" gives us the worst of two kinds of cruelty. To return to my sporting analogy, it is as if the crowd booed a batter for striking out, even though he never had a chance to come to the plate.

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Tilting at Windmills

William Colby's new book makes clear that he always thought James Angleton, the CIA's counter-intelligence chief, was a lunatic. When Angleton was fired, Tom Braden, a former CIA agent as well as a journalist, wrote a column making clear he felt the same way. Yet during the 20 years of Angleton's power, neither Colby nor Braden said a thing. The late J. Edgar Hoover was a similar case. Why did the reporters who knew he was blackmailing Martin Luther King with tapes of his hotel-room encounters with women not write about it at the time? Did they think protecting King's sexual indiscretions was more important than exposing the head of the FBI as a blackmailer? Anyway, to help remind us all that for over 40 years J. Edgar Hoover tyrannized Congress, presidents, and the press, we are inaugurating our J. Edgar Hoover Memorial Series of Memos of the Month. It starts on page 18.

Our heroine of the year is Blythe Babyak, a writer who is the wife of Richard Holbrooke, the assistant secretary of State for the Far East. According to *The Washington Star*, she got up in the middle of a formal Washington dinner party, announced she was tired, and walked out. These dinners can be excruciating. You are placed between two dinner partners of the opposite sex who are the only people you can talk to for a period of about two hours. Few of us have half that much interesting conversation to offer. The result is often tedium beyond belief. One is tempted to say just about anything to liven things up. Cancellation of the national debt or a preemptive nuclear strike against Russia might be advocated as the 60-minute mark approaches. More often, the possibility of sexual relations with one or both dinner partners is explored. But marriages are seldom really threatened, for when the hostess rises, husband and wife usually rush to one another in happy relief at not having to think of something else to say to their partners. Richard Nixon, in one of his few acts that I totally applaud, eliminated one course from White House dinners, so the misery of it all could be reduced by a half hour.

When you read one day that the dollar is falling because we import too much oil and the next day that there is a glut of Alaskan oil in California, don't you begin to suspect that there is something wrong with the way the government and the oil companies are managing things? . . . Some months back we mentioned that state government seems primarily concerned with dividing the booty—liquor licenses, race track dates, bank franchises. There is a way out, which we failed to mention: deregulate them all. Who cares how many race tracks or banks there are, except the owners of existing ones, who want protection against competition? And the proliferation of liquor stores and bars could be kept under reasonable control by zoning laws that kept them out of residential neighborhoods and away from schools and churches. . . . I was reminded of this subject by a recent report by James Lardner in *The Washington Post* that the owners of La Potagerie, a small French restaurant in Georgetown, had lost a $200,000 investment because the District of

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Columbia Alcoholic Beverage Control Board had denied them a liquor license. . . . The Board, by the way, employs seven full-time investigators to check on violations of law at local bars, night clubs, and liquor stores. All seven work the day shift only.

If you sometimes think we've been too hard on Richard Nixon, blamed the poor man for too much, think again—it turns out that Nixon was responsible for the OPEC 1973-74 price increases that still threaten to destroy the dollar. James Doyle in his recent book, *Above the Law*, tells this story, which takes place the Friday before the Saturday Night Massacre:

"Perhaps it was entirely unrelated, but one of the most fateful decisions of Richard Nixon's presidency occurred at noon this Friday, when he sent to Congress a message asking for $2.2 billion for long-term military supplies for Israel. In his message, which figured to please his liberal political opposition, Nixon disclosed that the United States had already authorized shipments of $825 million in missiles, artillery pieces, and fighter aircraft to Israel during the first 12 days of the war. 'But prudent planning also requires us to prepare for a longer struggle,' Nixon said, and so he was requesting the large amount in case the conflict did not moderate soon.

"The diplomats on the Middle East desk warned that this move would provoke the Arab countries. In the past, when military aid was needed for a less popular cause, the budget experts at the Pentagon and the State Department had always been able to make the funds available and then cover the costs in a later military appropriation bill, without serving notice to the combatants. Nixon chose to advertise his move this time. . . .

"Whatever its motivation, Nixon's announcement of increased aid to Israel set off a chain reaction among the Arabs. Libya was the first to halt all oil shipments to the United States and to nearly double the price of oil on the international market. A few days later King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, an anti-communist who considered himself a friend of the United States, began cutting oil production and embargoed all shipments to the United States. By then Nixon was in the midst of his 'firestorm' and made no response. OPEC, the organization of petroleum-exporting countries, realized for the first time its own strength and continued raising prices throughout the next year. By this one act they drained billions of dollars from the American economy alone (Europe and Asia were hit even worse) and brought on the worst economic slump since the Great Depression."

I have wanted to believe in Bert Lance. As a small businessman, I know what a liberal overdraft policy could mean and understand why his neighbors in Calhoun love him. But his acceptance of an uncollateralized loan from an Arab banker seems just about as damning as the Hiss typewriter was to the cause of another person I wanted to believe in. . . . A few months ago Norman Podhoretz wrote me protesting the treatment he and his wife, Midge Decter, have received in our columns. Since then I've reviewed what we said and found it uniformly unkind, which is too bad—not because our criticisms weren't true, but because we've been blind to the Podhoretzes' good side. They are both, by all accounts, superior editors. They have both fought valiantly against radical chic. And *Making It*, Norman Podhoretz's autobiography, is a far more important book than was generally acknowledged at the time of its publication. It was practically the only book of its time to discuss ambition and success in America openly and honestly, and I suspect that made the critics uncomfortable. The only shortcomings of *Making It* were its lack of humor and its lack of sensitivity to the moral dimensions of its subject—which gets back to my old quarrel with Podhoretz and Decter. Their enthusiasm for professional success seems unqualified by concern for the purposes or ends served by that success. Whether your son or daughter becomes a doctor

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or a lawyer should be less important than what they *do* in their job—whether, for instance, the clients they help are worthy ones or not. Anyway, we're happy to acknowledge what we like about the Podhoretzes and regret not having done so before.

As Nicholas Lemann pointed out in our last issue, Carter and his top aides, Jordan and Powell, leave policy formulation to others. There is no better example than the recently announced urban policy. There was a tremendous flap immediately before it was announced because when Carter read it, he didn't like a lot of what he saw. So there was a wild scramble of last-minute changes and briefings to answer presidential questions. The point is that Carter didn't get involved until the policy was drafted. FDR, on the other hand, would have talked to every assistant secretary and would have been influencing what was happening all along the way.

What Carter got from the bureaucracy was, according to David Broder of *The Washington Post* "ten recommendations supported by 38 strategies, or maybe 10 strategies supported by 38 recommendations, plus 160 suggestions for improving old programs left scattered in five agencies—in short, a smorgasbord."

Broder goes on:

"None of the 160 recommendations call for eliminating any single existing federal program—despite the almost universal acknowledgment that some of them are real losers. Instead, the recommendations guarantee more bureaucracy, regulations and frustrations for local officials. . . .

"Instead of resolving the jurisdictional and bureaucratic struggles, this new proposal compromises and compounds them. The new development bank for urban industry was fought over by Treasury, Commerce, and HUD. Solution: Make it an interagency bank, with all three departments represented equally on the board. The guaranteed effect: a slowdown of its ability to make loan and grant commitments. . . .

"By five o'clock, an hour after the briefing [for the new program] had begun, Eizenstat had reached the point where he was reading off the list of little programs awarded each agency as a payoff for its participation in the whole ghastly process: social service and health money for HEW; urban parks for Interior; Transportation Department money for 'intermodal connections'; solid waste grants for EPA; 'mini-grants' for ACTION; arts money for Joan Mondale's friends; and neighborhood grants for Rosalynn Carter's favorites in the bureaucracy."

Here is my entry for the Joseph Kraft award to journalists who fill their columns with complaints about their travel experiences. There is a rule of the Interstate Commerce Commission requiring full meal service in trains traveling 12 hours or more. I was on such a train, one called The Cardinal, a couple of months ago. The main-course offering of the "full dining service" for breakfast was an English muffin and an egg that appeared to have been the victim of a struggle between someone who wanted to fry it and someone who wanted to scramble it. The combination was in a plastic bag and was heated by immersion in boiling water. The result was the soggiest, sorriest-looking mess I've ever seen. ICC, where are you? . . . Every president likes foreign policy, probably because it permits him a wide area of action, or at least the appearance of action, only occasionally encumbered by the messy need for congressional approval. Jimmy Carter likes it more than most. He has had an average of 68 meetings a year with foreign leaders, compared to 32 for John F. Kennedy and eight for Harry S. Truman. . . . In 1972, with the cost of health care spiraling upward at an alarming rate, Congress enacted a law that provided for local control of hospital costs. To whom did it entrust the task of controlling costs? Why, to the doctors,

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of course—the people who either own the hospitals or are paid fees by them. Guess what happened? In the areas where the doctors were given the cost-control job, costs went up faster than in other areas. . . . The General Accounting Office has come out against the military's pension after 20 years' service, pointing out that 93 per cent of the enlisted personnel who were taking pensions after an average of 21 years of service were working in support-type jobs that had none of the hardships of combat. The pension was made generous with the idea of rewarding combat-weary troops, not paperwork-weary bureaucrats. Pension reform is something that could happen in the next year, so it's worth writing your congressman about.

The Washington Star recently pointed out that real estate prices in suburban Fairfax County have risen to the point where most of the county's present residents could not afford to buy their homes today. This is of course increasingly true in suburban areas throughout the country. One reason, according to an article by Robert C. Ellickson in the *Yale Law Journal*, is the "we're aboard, pull up the ladder" attitude of suburbanites, whose opposition to growth, though stated on environmental grounds, prevents new construction and drives up the value of their own dwellings. . . . The real reason the coal strike was finally settled was that the operators turned the role of chief negotiator over to Nicholas Camicia, president of the Pittston Coal Company. Camicia, unlike his predecessors at the bargaining table, had started out working in the mines himself, so he understood the miners and realized how important the right to wildcat strikes was to them. He gave in on that point and got a contract.

Here's another tribute to the collective wisdom of business and government, in the area of trains. *The Wall Street Journal* reports that the proportion of freight transported by trucks instead of trains continues to grow. *The New York Times* reports that Brock Adams, the Secretary of Transportation, blames the recent epidemic of train accidents on "depressingly neglected railbeds and equipment." Why on earth, when we are faced with the prospect of an energy shortage or the intolerable inflation that would be caused by paying enough to the extractors to keep energy from becoming short, don't we rebuild the roadbeds and modernize railroad equipment? . . . Tip O'Neill keeps on saying he gave nothing of value to Tongsun Park in return for the $7,000 worth of parties that Park gave for him. Doesn't O'Neill realize that what he gave Park was the gift of public friendship, and how much that friendship must have impressed lesser congressional lights, signaling to them that dealing with Park was okay? . . . Another idol bites the dust, at least according to Bobby Baker, who in his forthcoming book alleges that the late Estes Kefauver was on the take. But the dead can't sue for libel, so allegations about them must be taken with a grain of salt. . . . Allen Ginsberg, who supplied us with our Memo of the Month about the FBI's efforts to cause dissension in the New Left, has a theory that Hoover was more successful than is usually thought in bringing about the Movement's downfall. All through the late sixties and early seventies, when groups on the Left would blame their ineptitude and internal dissension on FBI infiltration, my inclination was not to believe them, to think they were making excuses. But subsequent revelations show that the Left was more right than I gave it credit for—that many of its troubles *did* come from the FBI. That means that maybe the downfall of the New Left wasn't as self-generated as we now think, and that's a cause for hope. Of course the New Left had its authentically absurd aspects, but it also perceived that only through radical change based on more human values can we solve our most pressing national problems.

—*Charles Peters*

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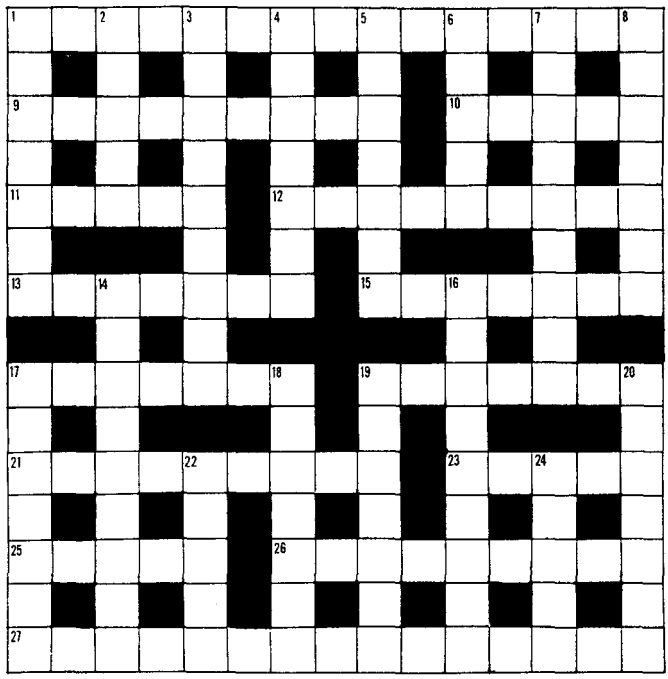
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. General health of Washington or New York, for example? (5, 2, 3, 5)
9. Overly informal; also you coat in a way. (3, 6)
10. Within a train switched. (5)
11. Theater in which familiar enactments occur. (5)
12. Chase grid around to fire. (9)
13. Raise mixup around vessel is fresher. (7)
15. Donation here today. (7)
17. Fix up leg snap for decoration. (7)
19. Snares guerilla in wild acts. (7)
21. Pain killers made from cot in cars. (9)
23. Russian resort in which loyal tailors reside. (5)
25. Ache after point in Europe. (5)
26. What loneliness is to a lion roaming. (9)
27. Loose tongue—right? (7, 2, 6)

DOWN

1. Back Sparta's minions. (7)
2. Set apart in place where halo needs polishing. (5)
3. While he is in dining, he may be coming out. (9)
4. Originator who pulls up short? (7)
5. Interferes and robs? (5, 2)
6. Man in upswept hair. (5)
7. Cause the miners to work together. (9)
8. Addled rat seen close at hand. (7)
14. Up the down down. (9)
16. Arrange one try per man near the freeway. (5, 4)
17. Time for footprints? (5, 2)
18. Miltie's fixed devotion to the few. (7)
19. Is the theater dark when the boat must go? (4, 3)
20. Faithful thus can be displayed. (7)
22. Had to do up with 3 points inside. (5)
24. Oiler spoiled this waterway. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last months puzzle are on page 64.

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Surprise: The Property Tax Could Be Good For You

by Joseph Nocera

Howard Jarvis is his name and property tax is his game. A 74-year-old former California state legislator, Jarvis calls himself an "arch-conservative hell-raiser," a description that, according to people who know him, is precisely accurate. Of late, Jarvis has gained more notoriety than he ever dreamed possible as a state senator. He has also raised more hell.

What Jarvis has done to send the California political establishment into an absolute tizzy is devise a property tax relief plan so dramatic, so drastic, that it would cut $7 billion from the tax bills of California homeowners and businesses. The so-called Jarvis initiative, on the ballot in the state's primary election next month, is simple to the point of being simplistic: Jarvis would cut all property taxes in the state to one per cent of the market value of the home or business. Period. Currently, rates in the state start at three per cent and go up from there, and the Jarvis method of property tax reform would probably cut state revenues by as much as 60 per cent. Jarvis has also figured out a way to make life difficult for anyone trying to pick up the slack by raising other taxes. He's got a provision that requires a two-thirds vote of the state legislature to increase any tax, and another that calls for the approval of two-thirds of all "registered voters" (as opposed to only those who go to the polls) before local governments could raise taxes.

Economists look at this "reform plan," shake their heads, and chuckle condescendingly. Property tax ana-

Joseph Nocera is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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lysts, as long as they are not based in California, have a hard time taking Jarvis seriously. "The Jarvis thing is bullshit," was the succinct comment of one Washington, D.C.-based tax specialist. City planners and local officials in California fear it like the plague. Because the property tax is used primarily to fund local governments, they say they will be crippled if it passes. The City of Los Angeles, for example, put together a "Jarvis budget" showing that one third of all city workers would have to be laid off, including 2,200 police officers and 1,000 firemen.

And how do the taxpayers of California feel about this off-the-wall approach to tax relief? If the vote were held today, it is uniformly agreed, the Jarvis initiative would pass in a landslide. Rich or not-so-rich, almost all homeowners see it as in their interest that the property tax be cut.

What we have here, then, is a full-fledged taxpayers' revolt. In California, They're Mad As Hell And They're Not Going To Take It Any More—and if that means a few libraries have to close and some city workers have to learn the way to the unemployment office, well, so be it. Obviously a lot of California homeowners would lose services that are valuable to them under the Jarvis plan, but that truth has by and large been obscured by the shining dream of paying less property taxes. Similarly obscured is the question of whether the property tax is a good way of financing local services, in terms of how it distributes that burden, or a bad one. All over the country, most people don't have very complex feelings about property taxes. They just plain don't like them. The California experience is unique only in the extremity of its proposed solution.

Let's state the obvious: Among the vast majority of homeowners, the feeling is that property taxes are ridiculously high. With inflation, skyrocketing property and land values, urban redevelopment, and the need for local governments to raise taxes to fund a variety of services, property owners have seen their taxes go through the roof. Particularly those on fixed incomes, but others as well, complain that their taxes have risen to the point where they are being forced out of their hard-earned homes.

Now let's state the not-so-obvious: the property tax is probably the most progressive tax in America. In theory, it ought to be the cornerstone of a liberal tax policy for this simple reason: it is by far the best way we have of taxing wealth. For too long liberals have rallied around the income tax as the fairest of all taxes. In fact, the richer a person is, the better the chance that he has a sharp lawyer who can lead him to the loopholes of his choice. Indeed, there are now so many loopholes geared to the well-to-do that many economists no longer accept it as an article of faith that the income tax is progressive.

Statistics also show that the richer a person is, the better the chance he owns substantial amounts of property. The numbers usually cited show that while the top tenth of the adult population receives about 30 per cent of the income, the top tenth of the property owners hold between 50 and 60 per cent of the real estate. To own property in this country, then, is to be better off than most. As Mason Gaffney, a pro-property tax economist, pointed out in this magazine in 1973, "If one wants to escape the property tax, there is no simpler route than being too poor to buy real estate."

Yet politicians—often the liberal, friend-of-the-poor types—are forever proposing property tax relief bills that have the effect of making the rich richer. The politicians usually point to a few elderly widows being forced out of their homes because of rising property taxes in announcing their "relief" measures, but it's not the elderly widows who will see most of the relief. It's the rich. Nothing illustrates that better than the situation in California right now: because of legislative maneuvering it no longer matters to the rich whether Jarvis wins or loses. They've already won, and the

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only question now is by how much.

If the Jarvis initiative carries the day, the two-thirds cut in property taxes means a windfall savings for people like the Hollywood movie stars who own million-dollar properties in Beverly Hills. But in an effort to cut Jarvis off at the pass, the California legislature passed overwhelmingly its own version of property tax relief—relief that calls for a 30-percent cut on homeowners' property taxes. For the movie stars, that's still quite a bonanza, far more meaningful than the few hundred dollars in savings that the middle-class homeowner will realize. And if you find it hard to believe that the services those taxes now pay for will really be eliminated, then you'll see that the services will in the future be paid for through some other tax, one that falls more heavily on the middle class and poor.

When it comes to understanding the implications of the property tax, economists and some public interest tax reformers are light years ahead of the politicians.

There has been a real turnabout in economic thinking on the property tax in the last five years, typified by Henry Aaron's 1975 Brookings Institution study, *Who Pays the Property Tax?* He wrote: "Since the ownership of capital, or net worth, is progressively distributed with respect to income, the property tax on balance is a progressive, not a regressive tax."

People like Ralph Nader and his Tax Reform Research Group have joined in that chorus and have for some time been challenging some of the most cherished liberal beliefs. No longer do they take it as fact, for example, that businesses always pass along every cent of their property taxes. Many economists now believe that in many cases less than half is passed on. The notion that landlords recover all their property taxes by passing them along to renters is also now under attack. Gaffney, for one, calls that "a notorious distortion of economic trends."

Another idea currently under attack is the liberal notion that property taxes guarantee substandard schooling in poor areas. Because property taxes are used so heavily to fund local school districts, it was obvious that "property poor" taxing districts either had to have very high tax rates or schools that weren't as good as the rich enclaves across the tracks.

Tax the wealthy at a higher rate . . . according to the relative property value.

But the problem here is not with the property tax, it's with the application; in the past few years one state court after another has knocked down the traditional methods of school financing. No longer is the property tax the sacrosanct method of funding schools. In some cases, state income taxes are being used to supplement property taxes. In others, rich districts are being forced to contribute some of their property tax income to a state pool, which is then redistributed to poorer districts. In every case where the courts have ruled the old property tax method unconstitutional, the state government has managed to find money for local schools elsewhere.

If all of this is so, then why does the property tax have such a bad name? Part of the reason is that it is by far the most *visible* tax we pay. There is no other tax where you can feel the impact of inflation quite so brutally; no other tax where you can see quite so clearly that you are paying so that others—the university up the road, for example—might be exempt. When the Boston

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homeowner drives down the street, he can see exactly why he is paying nearly nine per cent of his income in property taxes—one of the highest rates in the country. With all its universities and churches, fully half the land in Boston is tax-exempt. The income tax, by comparison, has quiet loopholes, passed quietly by Congress, often unnoticed by the press, and administered even more quietly by the Internal Revenue Service, a regulatory body that prizes secrecy above all else. Our homeowner in Boston has no way of knowing what kind of income tax breaks his neighbors are getting.

The property tax, in most places, is a lump-sum payment. The jolt of an increase is felt head-on, and it hurts. Income taxes, sales taxes, even the grotesquely regressive lotteries are easier to take because they grab only a little of your money at a time. You never really feel the pain.

But there's another reason why property taxes are unpopular—frustratingly often, they don't work the way they're supposed to. Poor assessment practices, bad administration, petty corruption—these are the legacy of the property tax. The persistent attempts by local, state, and federal politicians to "reform" the property tax have included precious little effort to do something to straighten out the shoddy, uneven, often unfair assessments. On the federal level, there has been only one attempt—in 1973—to set up some kind of uniform standards for property tax assessors. After a few hearings, the bill died a quiet death. "There was a feeling around here that nobody wanted to get near property tax," recalls an aide.

In 1973, a Senate subcommittee headed by Senator Edmund Muskie, reported: "For too long, the average taxpayer in most states has been at the mercy of inexpert local officials, arbitrary bureaucracies and privileged interests. Antiquated administrative practices and insufficient commitment of resources have prevented even responsible officials from protecting the public interest."

In the five years since that was written virtually nothing has changed. The assessments process is still the biggest reason people complain about property taxes. Like the tax itself, assessments are visible; you can see local politicking or incompetence or even corruption in a way you can never see Russell Long slipping in an income tax loophole for an oil buddy.

Anybody who grew up in a town ruled by a powerful political machine knows that property tax assessments can be one of the sturdiest foundations of municipal corruption, ranking up there with road-building contracts and zoning variances. At their worst, they're openly bought and sold, raised and lowered individually as a way of dispensing rewards and punishments.

In cleaner jurisdictions the corruption is more genteel, but it still exists. It's fueled not by money, but by that combination of laziness and incompetence and bureaucratic fear of the powerful that's such a basic motivating force in even the most honest city governments. In Washington, D.C., for example, during one of the biggest commercial property booms in the country, the local tax assessors have given some of the owners of the city's most valuable downtown properties huge tax breaks, in blatant violation of a court order. All the while, these same officials were, on the one hand, steadily putting the squeeze on residential property owners, and on the other, talking about how these homeowners needed tax relief.

Precisely because it *isn't* corrupt in the traditional sense, Washington is a valuable lesson in how and why property taxes can get so screwed up in practice. Virtually every interview I conducted with the critics of the local assessment office began the same way: "These guys [assessors] are not corrupt"; or, "There is no evidence of any political influence to underassess land values"; or, "There were never any secret meetings."

Apparently there was never any *need* for secret meetings, for the result was the same: the haves—in this case, the

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largest, most influential, and most profitable commercial properties in the city—have received a bonanza in tax breaks. While residential assessments in D.C. have shot out of sight, most of the big properties have stayed close to the same for the last five years, and in some cases as far back as 1969.

The assessing office's excuse that rates did not go up because the downtown area was stagnating is demonstrably false: at the same time that this was going on, Washington was in the middle of the biggest real estate boom—both commercial and residential—in the country. Yet while urban redevelopment was wreaking property tax havoc in some formerly poor neighborhoods—residential assessments have risen about 74 per cent in the last two years—the building boom downtown, where in 1975 three million square feet of new downtown office space was being marketed, was being ignored. And this was while the city was under court order to assess all properties twice over a four-year period.

If you read *The Washington Post*, you may not have heard much about this, but then that may be because the *Post*, being the sixth most valuable property in the city, was saving about $1 million a year in property taxes. Indeed, the *Post*'s accountants appeared to go out of their way to make things more difficult for the tax assessors by refusing to give the city appropriate information about its income, on which the assessments are based in large part. It turns out in this case that the junior assessor—the person who goes out to the buildings and sets a market value—was doing his job. It was the supervisors who, back in the office, erased the new assessments for the large hotels and large office buildings and, apparently, *The Washington Post*. All we saw in the *Post* was a rather tame editorial admitting that maybe commercial and residential properties ought to be made a little more equal and one catch-up story after *The Washington Star* first broke the story last year.

All this was happening in a city where the local tax officials pride themselves on the modernity and efficiency of their operation, which makes the contrast between promise and practice even more startling. The assessment people here continually refer to their spiffy new computer system and their charts, which purportedly show that assessors come within two or three percentage points of estimating the market value of homes in every neighborhood in the city. Yet they also admit that they prefer to deal with single family homeowners because, as one official put it, "those people usually don't take us to court." The big boys do, and they usually win because the tax assessor has slipped up on what the assessors refer to as "technicalities."

Tax intangible property like stocks and bonds—the single biggest tax loopholes.

The situation in Washington isn't unique, of course. The sort of bureaucratic bungling that leads to illegal tax breaks for the wealthy goes on all over the country. Part of what is instructive about the Washington experience is the way it is being corrected.

A lot of it was just newspaper exposure. The charge by a city auditor that the 20 top commercial properties were generally being grossly under-assessed was a big hit in *The Washington Star* last year. This year, the *Star* had headlines just as big

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showing that commercial property assessments had gone way up and will produce millions of dollars of additional revenues for the city. Naturally the assessment office denied that the publicity had anything to do with the rise. Anyway, better late than never.

Some other changes in the way Washington used to do business that ought to be emulated elsewhere have come from the courts. Assessors here are now required to reassess all properties city-wide every year. That makes sense: besides the obvious benefit that no one neighborhood gets a free ride, it also keeps tax bills from jumping monumentally. In addition, it avoids one of the real hidden subsidies of the property tax: the case where market values are going up, but properties are not being reassessed. Homeowners in this situation are really getting tax breaks because they are paying taxes on out-of-date prices.

There is no doubt that we should clean up assessments nationwide. For too long, politicians have been able to make political hay by proposing "relief" plans, while saying nothing about the illegal relief for the wealthy or the politically well-connected brought on by unfair assessment practices. The federal bill to set uniform assessment standards ought to be revived.

That will make property tax more fair and less capricious, at least, and thus lessen people's instinctive hatred of it. When assessments are fair, Americans will still not enjoy paying property taxes, of course, but they'll be less susceptible to the blind distrust of them that makes Jarvis-type let's-just-get-rid-of-it schemes so attractive right now. The next step is to reform the tax in theory as well as in practice, so that it can realize its potential as the most ideal, from a liberal's standpoint, of all taxes—a tax that people pay according to their ability to pay it. Here are some of the more basic reform measures liberals should be pushing for:

•Tax intangible property. During this century, there has been a steady erosion of property tax revenues as it has gone from being a tax on all kinds of property to one predominately on real estate. Even there, there have been many exemptions, including agricultural lands, universities, and the tax bribes more and more states are resorting to in an effort to attract new business. The trend needs to be reversed and there's no better place to start than intangible property like stocks and bonds. They are the single biggest tax loopholes in the country. Clearly this would be a tax on the wealthy: the richest one per cent of the population owns 70 per cent of America's corporate stock.

In 1968, the Securities and Exchange Commission figured intangible property came to $3.9 trillion, which, if taxed at two per cent, could bring in $80 billion in tax revenues. That's twice the income generated by property taxes now. That idea has not gone over too well with the politicians thus far. In Arkansas, a public interest group tried to claim that the state's banks were not exempt from tax on their intangible property but were simply ignoring it. The state legislature wasted no time passing a law exempting bank intangibles.

•Tax the wealthy at a higher rate. We say we do it with the income tax, so why not with property? There is no good reason why expensive pieces of residential property should pay the same rate as small single-family homes. We could easily set up a system of different "tax brackets" according to the relative value of property.

•Base property tax exemptions on need. The exemptions now are often a subsidy for the already wealthy. Many a church or university can well afford the burden of the property tax, and they certainly reap the benefits of the services the tax provides. One of the more creative ideas along these lines would be to devise a plan that would exempt churches and schools only in cases where there was a genuine need.

•Do something for the elderly widows. There is no good reason why elderly widows and poorer people

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should be forced to move because they can't pay property taxes. In this time of inner-city housing booms brought on by urban redevelopment—primarily a phenomenon of the post-war period—rising property tax should not be a way of letting speculators and developers take over neighborhoods.

The first three proposals offer the means to increase property tax receipts. If that is done, then fair and just relief can be given to those who really need it. Politicians can look with compassion on the elderly widow and on the less well-off who live in revitalized neighborhoods, without feeling they are sacrificing police or fire protection.

Economists generally take a hard line against elderly widows. A widow on a fixed income, they say, simply isn't that poor. She has a house and some land, and if she can't pay her property taxes, that means her property and therefore her net worth is rising dramatically. Donald G. Hagman, a UCLA law professor puts it as bluntly as anyone when he writes: "Just because a little old widow drove a Cadillac when she was a married matron shouldn't give her the right to do so when her income falls off and she can no longer afford it." Gaffney isn't much better. He suggests that elderly widows ought to sell their homes, put the money in a savings account and pay for an apartment with the interest.

But there isn't a politician in his right mind who is going to say a thing like that. A good way to get unelected, fast, is to call on all the elderly widows to sell their homes and live somewhere cheaper. That's political lunacy.

Because economists don't have to run for reelection, they can afford to be quite heartless about property and property taxes. They don't have to consider the emotional importance of a person's home, the feelings of comfort and solace it can give.

When you consider these factors, the economic theory goes out the window, and rightfully so. Some new ideas are now being proposed to help out the elderly widows. One of the most interesting is a sort of "reverse mortgage" approach aimed at older people. In this plan, a person who has paid for his home could essentially sell the house back to a buyer on a long-term basis. The buyer, most likely a bank, would send a monthly check to the homeowner, allowing the person to live in the home in the meantime. The payoff for the bank would come when the house becomes unoccupied and available for sale. And the bank, of course, would be the one hit with the increasing property tax bills.

Many a church or university can well afford the burden of the property tax.

Another idea gaining increasing popularity in some political circles is the so-called "circuit breaker," a relief exemption based on income. With the circuit breaker, which was pioneered in Wisconsin, if a homeowner's income falls below a certain level, he gets a tax break no matter how high the property is valued.

"Property tax reform has always just meant relief," says one tax analyst. But for those who talk about making our tax system truly progressive, relief measure after relief measure is counterproductive. Administer the property tax correctly and equitably, strip away some of the more blatantly unfair exemptions, force the wealthy to pay property taxes at a higher rate, and you'll have a terribly worthwhile tax. You'll have a tax that will keep the economists, the liberal politicians—and the elderly widows—all happy. ●

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Memo of the Month

The J. Edgar Hoover Memorial Series

1 - Mr. DeLoach
1 - Mr. Felt
7/5/68

1 - Mr. Bishop
1 - Mr. W.C. Sullivan
1 - Mr. C.D. Brennan
1 - [redacted]
1 - [redacted]

SAC, Albany

Director, FBI (100-449698)

COUNTERINTELLIGENCE PROGRAM
INTERNAL SECURITY
DISRUPTION OF THE NEW LEFT
(COINTELPRO - NEW LEFT)

Bulet 5/10/68 requested suggestions for counterintelligence action against the New Left. The replies to the Bureau's request have been analyzed and it is felt that the following suggestions for counterintelligence action can be utilized by all offices:

1. Preparation of a leaflet designed to counteract the impression that Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and other minority groups speak for the majority of students at universities. The leaflet should contain photographs of New Left leadership at the respective university. Naturally, the most obnoxious pictures should be used.

2. The instigating of or the taking advantage of personal conflicts or animosities existing between New Left leaders.

3. The creating of impressions that certain New Left leaders are informants for the Bureau or other law enforcement agencies.

4. The use of articles from student newspapers and/or the "underground press" to show the depravity of New Left leaders and members. In this connection, articles showing advocation of the use of narcotics and free sex are ideal to send to university officials, wealthy donors, members of the legislature and parents of students who are active in New Left matters.

5. Since the use of marijuana and other narcotics is widespread among members of the New Left, you should be alert to opportunities to have them arrested by local authorities on drug charges. Any information concerning the

2 - All Field Offices

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SEE NOTE PAGE THREE

MAILED 2 JUL 9 1968 COMM-FBI

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16 JUL 11 1968

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Letter to SAC, Albany
RE: COUNTERINTELLIGENCE PROGRAM
100-449698

fact that individuals have marijuana or are engaging in a narcotics party should be immediately furnished to local authorities and they should be encouraged to take action.

6. The drawing up of anonymous letters regarding individuals active in the New Left. These letters should set out their activities and should be sent to their parents, neighbors and the parents' employers. This could have the effect of forcing the parents to take action.

7. Anonymous letters or leaflets describing faculty members and graduate assistants in the various institutions of learning who are active in New Left matters. The activities and associations of the individual should be set out. Anonymous mailings should be made to university officials, members of the state legislature, Board of Regents, and to the press. Such letters could be signed "A Concerned Alumni" or "A Concerned Taxpayer."

8. Whenever New Left groups engage in disruptive activities on college campuses, cooperative press contacts should be encouraged to emphasize that the disruptive elements constitute a minority of the students and do not represent the conviction of the majority. The press should demand an immediate student referendum on the issue in question. Inasmuch as the overwhelming majority of students is not active in New Left matters, it is felt that this technique, used in carefully selected cases, could put an end to lengthy demonstrations and could cause embarrassment to New Left elements.

9. There is a definite hostility among SDS and other New Left groups toward the Socialist Workers Party (SWP), the Young Socialist Alliance (YSA), and the Progressive Labor Party (PLP). This hostility should be exploited wherever possible.

10. The field was previously advised that New Left groups are attempting to open coffeehouses near military bases in order to influence members of the Armed Forces. Wherever these coffeehouses are, friendly news media should be alerted to them and their purpose. In addition, various drugs, such as marijuana, will probably be utilized by individuals running the coffeehouses or frequenting them. Local law enforcement authorities should be promptly advised whenever you receive an indication that this is being done.

11. Consider the use of cartoons, photographs, and anonymous letters which will have the effect of ridiculing the New Left. Ridicule is one of the most potent weapons which we can use against it.

12. Be alert for opportunities to confuse and disrupt New Left activities by misinformation. For example, when events are planned, notification that the event has been cancelled or postponed could be sent to various individuals.

You are reminded that no counterintelligence action is to be taken without Bureau approval. Insure that this Program is assigned to an Agent with an excellent knowledge of both New Left groups and individuals. It must be approached with imagination and enthusiasm if it is to be successful.

As an economy measure the caption "COINTELPRO - NEW LEFT" should be used on all communications concerning this Program.

NOTE:

See memo C.D. Brennan to W.C. Sullivan dated 7/3/68, captioned as above, prepared by BAW:jes.

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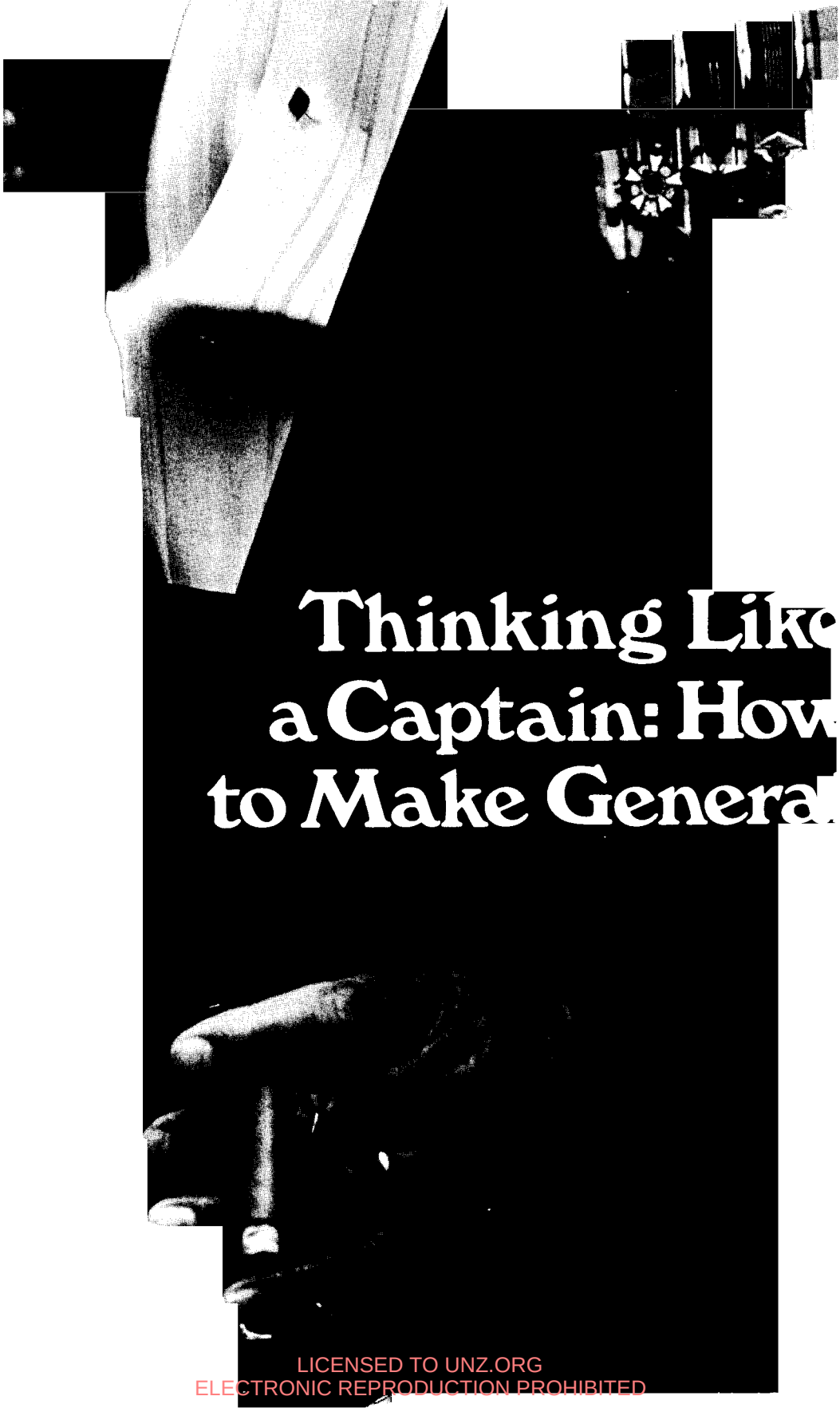

Thinking Like a Captain: How to Make General

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by Nicholas Lemann

An Army officer is most likely to catch sight of it when he's a captain—four, four-and-a-half years out of West Point, edging into his late twenties, probably married, perhaps even with a child or two. It's time for him to start thinking seriously about his life. The Academy obligated him to five years of service, but after that he's a free man if he wants to be. So the question is, should he stay in or get out?

Civilian life has its attractions. For the smartest West Point graduates, who are likely to be engineers by training, the pay is better outside. There's the freedom to choose where you want to live and to stay there; there's the longer career; and there's the ability to drive home in the evening and leave it all behind. The Army doesn't offer that. It's a life, not a job: a life of one- or two- or three-year tours of duty, of quarters on the base, of saluting and following orders, of wives who are Army wives and kids who are Army kids.

Most officers hadn't decided at the time they entered West Point that this is the life they want. The appeal of the Academy is largely financial (it's a free education and a good one, which is saying a lot these days). And West Point still means something in the class (middle-middle and lower-middle) most cadets come from. It impresses people; the military is still an honorable calling. You don't think much beyond that when you're 17.

Even at the Academy most cadets don't worry too much about where they'll be 20 years down the road. The curriculum is mostly scientific, intellectual, with little emphasis on the real gritty work of the Army. Cadets' first—and practically only—experience with field operations comes in their yearling summer, when they go through a mandatory, unpopular course in infantry training.

When they graduate, then, cadets aren't eager to get out into that part of the Army. The ones with the best class standing are allowed to pick their branch, and they often choose something they think will recreate the intellectual atmosphere of the Academy—Corps of Engineers, or Signal Corps, or Quartermaster. The Infantry tries to lure cadets by saying it's the branch that generals come from—which is true—but it's still often the last to fill up. After all, less than five per cent of every West Point class will make general; most cadets assume they'll retire at lieutenant colonel or colonel.

The first years after the Academy—or after ROTC, which even more than West Point attracts students for financial, rather than career-planning reasons—are routine. You're commissioned as a second lieutenant and rise automatically to first lieutenant after two years and nearly automatically to captain after two more. The key assignments come to almost everyone. You go to an advanced school in your branch (the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, for instance), and then you command a platoon of enlisted men, 30 kids who are kept in line by a senior sergeant while you learn the ropes.

So it's not until captain that most officers start to think really seriously about the Army as a career. At that point a lot of factors come into play. There's the old creed, of course: Duty Honor Country. Serving the United

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Michael D. Sullivan

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States of America is different from selling widgets, though not as different as it used to be. There's the travel, the action, the camaraderie. There's the unusual degree of responsibility—a 29-year-old captain can easily have 150 people and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of equipment under his direct control, while that would be extremely rare for a junior executive in private industry. There's the prestige that an Army career brings in many parts of America, especially the South. There's also—a more and more significant factor lately—the same generous pay, benefits, and job security that make the civilian side of government so popular. An officer makes less money than a doctor or a banker, but more than a teacher or a small businessman. After a point he has tenure, and he can usually retire in his forties at 50 to 75 per cent of his base pay.

A lot of the officers, especially the best ones, have also become used to — and thrive on—the never-ending series of competitions and awards the Army provides, starting with admission to West Point and stretching off into infinity. The life of an Army officer is full of what B.F. Skinner calls "positive reinforcements," more so than the life of a civilian. It's good to go to the Academy. It's good to have a high class standing there. It's good to be on the football team, to be in the choir, to be (best of all) first captain of the corps of cadets in your final year. Winning these competitions lends a gratifying shape and purpose, if an artificial one, to your life. For a captain deciding to stay in, part of the allure of Army life is being able to play in the biggest competition, the one for promotions—to major, to lieutenant colonel, to colonel, even (though to expect this is certainly folly) to general.

Some of the men who are captains now—the first generation of officers in the present Army many of whose members missed service in Vietnam—will resign their commissions and get out. Some will decide on a pleasant, unspectacular life in the active-duty Reserves or in a branch like Finance or Adjutant General. Most will be happy enough to make lieutenant colonel or colonel. But some will decide it's time to start playing for the highest stakes, and those officers will begin to do the dozen or so things they *have to do* in the next ten or 15 years if they want a good shot at a star. The process is unofficially called ticket-punching: an Army career is like a long train ride where you have to have your ticket punched by the conductor at certain stations and at certain times along the way in order to be able to stay on the train until it reaches your final destination. If you somehow stop at the wrong stations, or at the right stations according to the wrong schedule, you'll end up somewhere else than where you had hoped.

Ticket-punching is a repellent idea to some officers, who see it as selfish self-advancement, undistinguished by devotion to the larger cause or even the desire to do a good job. To other officers, it's just the form that a normal and common sentiment—ambition—takes in the Army. Both perceptions of ticket-punching can be true, of course—not only in the Army, but in the other armed services (where the places to get your ticket punched are quite similar) and in every area of organized civilian life.

Just as ambitious Army officers will try to get the most career-enhancing assignments, a lawyer who wants to be a partner on Wall Street will try to have his ticket punched at an Ivy League law school, on the law review, and in an

"EXPECT to hear more about 'giveback'. It was an element in the coal strike, it's a battleground in steel, publishing, and on and on. Undoubtedly it'll be in the next Random House dictionary: **give·back** (giv'bak), n. 1. any demand that unions accept reduced benefits, or work harder, or both. 2. any pitiable shudder during an organism's death throes."

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appellate-court clerkship. A reporter who wants to work his way onto *The Washington Post* might have his ticket punched at the Louisville *Courier-Journal* or the *St. Petersburg Times*. An ambitious doctor wants to intern at Massachusetts General Hospital. In all these cases, the ticket-puncher might be sincerely gathering helpful experience and doing a good job, or he might be engaged in craven credential-mongering.

But there are some common qualities to all ticket-punching. In all cases, there's some logic behind the system—what you learn as a law clerk often does make you a better lawyer, and Mass General's training is better than most other hospitals'. In each profession somebody at some point decided what the ticket-punches should be on the basis of what kinds of skills and experiences were most valuable to the profession. On the other hand, any ticket-punching system takes on a life of its own, so that even if the ticket-punches' relevance evaporates for some reason, they will continue to attract the smartest and most ambitious people for as long as they provide a route to the top. In the Army, the traditionally prestigious horse cavalry had units in Europe as late as 1943—having once been identified as a good ticket-punch, for legitimate reasons, it continued to be identified as one just because it had in the past, although the days of sending in the troops on horseback had long since passed.

A Residue of Distrust

What distinguishes the Army's world from the world of the other bureaucracies, especially since the Vietnam war, is its isolation. Where America's other wars all have left a residue of good feeling between the military and civilian society, Vietnam left a residue of distrust and ill-will. The officer corps became hostile toward the press, hostile toward the political policy-makers, hostile toward the universities that produced the war protestors. Where other wars have given the nation brave and fiercely independent heroes, Vietnam destroyed what heroes there were, like General William Westmoreland, whose career had been heaven-blessed until 1968. Where at other times the Army's best-known officers had been larger-than-life public figures with political ambitions—MacArthurs and Eisenhowers and Grants—the best-known general today is probably that master of bureaucratic survival, Alexander Haig.

These are not just symbolic changes. ROTC, the main source of Army officers, has largely disappeared from the northeastern universities. The officer corps, especially at the junior levels, has virtually no representatives of upper-middle-class professional America. Young officers say there are still some colonels around with Boston or New York accents, but most of the captains and lieutenants seem to have a Southern or Western twang.*

The bad blood between the Army and the rest of the country was one factor—the end of the war was another—in the major budget cuts that hit the Army in the early seventies.

*Class is fast becoming a major problem in military life. The All-Volunteer Force, which sounded so wonderfully non-coercive to liberals in the late sixties and early seventies, has an uncomfortably mercenary aspect on closer inspection. It's largely people who are too poor to go to college who make up the enlisted ranks, and the Army's main recruiting pitch now is not serving Uncle Sam but the good pay and benefits. The officer corps, while overwhelmingly made up of college graduates, is increasingly unrepresentative of the upper-middle-income professional class that produces most of the leaders of America's civilian institutions. Meanwhile, the chunk of America above middle-middle class—the intellectuals, the professionals, the well-to-do—have less and less to do with the military. They don't know about it, and they don't supply it with personnel. The evidence of this is all around. For instance, while ten or 20 or 30 years ago it was a serious liability for any candidate for office not to have served in the military, it isn't today.

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With adjustments for inflation, the Army budget today is about three-fifths of what it was ten years ago. To the average officer, that doesn't mean less pay, but less of the little conveniences he might once have taken for granted. You have to buy your own pens now, your own pads, your own gas, even your own toilet paper. More important, after Vietnam the officer corps underwent what every bureaucracy fears most—a Reduction in Force. This meant not only that Reserves were let go, but that thousands of officers in the Regular Army were fired too. In 1969 there were 169,000 commissioned Army officers; today there are 65,000.

The end of the war also meant that ticket-punching became more difficult. Promotions always come more slowly in peacetime than wartime, and the most important ticket-punch—commanding troops in the field—became much harder to come by with the end of the war. Command is what every ambitious officer most aspires to. It's the most difficult, challenging, rewarding job in the Army, a leader's job, a man's job. It's also the most reliable way to get ahead, to prove you have what it takes to move up—which makes sense, in that if the Army should be rewarding any single skill in officers, it's the ability to lead troops in battle.

The Opportunity to Command

During Vietnam about two thirds of the lieutenant colonels had the opportunity to command. Now it is less than one third. That's a debilitating change to a group of people who see command as their central function, and the Army has responded to it in the last five years by setting up special, objective boards to parcel out the few remaining high-level command slots in scrupulously fair fashion. It has also made some moves in the direction of encouraging more specialization in the officer corps, so that fewer people will undergo the disappointment of not being able to fulfill a career-long dream of leading troops.

But the credentials that lead to a general's star are still thought to be primarily in the area of leading troops and secondarily in advanced education. So the key places to get your ticket punched are these:

● Go to West Point, rather than ROTC or Officer Candidates' School. The Army denies that this makes a difference and constantly tries to eliminate any favorable treatment Academy graduates get, but it still helps. West Point graduates make up eleven per cent of the officer corps and 46 per cent of the generals.

● Join one of the Army's "combat arms" branches—those branches that actually fight the wars. Infantry is considered the best for getting ahead, with Field Artillery and Armor close behind. Air Defense Artillery is not as good as it once was because the Air Force now does most of that kind of work. In the early sixties John F. Kennedy's pet section of the Army, Special Forces (better known as the Green Berets), was a good place to get your ticket punched, but no more.

● Work for a good division. In wartime, a good division is one that's fighting at the front; in peacetime it's not so clear. A lot of officers try to get assignments to Fort Carson in Colorado, because of the skiing, or to Fort Lewis in Washington state, because of the pleasant location, but these are not prime considerations for the up-and-comers. Better places to go are the Eighth Army in Korea, because that's as close as you can come to a real combat situation; the 101st Airborne at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, Maxwell Taylor's old division; or, best of all, the 82nd Airborne at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, James Gavin's old division, where nobody is assigned unless he asks to be. To wear an airborne patch is to show that you're brave, fit, and technically skilled.

● Command a company. Captain is where officers get serious about their careers, and company command is the first place where the standouts can distinguish themselves from their compatriots. A captain might already

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have had command of a platoon and been the executive officer (number-two man) of a company, but these are easy jobs to come by and company command isn't. You have to ask your battalion commander, a lieutenant colonel, for the assignment, either straight-out or circuitously, depending on the old man's tastes. But it's essential that he know you're not the kind who wants to stay in a plush job at the headquarters rather than getting out and running 150 troops.

● Get promoted early to major and to subsequent ranks. At captain an officer will face a promotion board for the first time, but since about three fourths of captains make major, getting past the board is no great distinction. But while most captains are promoted to major in their eleventh year of service—that's called the "primary zone of consideration"—promotion boards are allowed to move up a small number, from five to 15 per cent, a year or two earlier, while they're in the secondary zone of consideration. These "secondary" or "below the zone" promotions are something to which every fast burner and water walker in the officer corps aspires.

● Go to the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. All majors and the older captains are eligible for one of the Army's staff colleges, the most prestigious of which is the one at Leavenworth. If a special board picks an officer to go there (and the presence of these boards along the way is a sign that a key ticket-punching moment is at hand), he takes a rigorous course in advanced military skills and tactics. Most generals have been to Leavenworth, and the most ambitious students there study hard, knowing their class rank will follow them through their careers.

● Work at the Pentagon. There are times in his career when even the best officer can't command troops—for instance, the closest a major can get to command is to be the number-two officer in a battalion. During these interludes officers work in staff jobs, and the best staff jobs are in the Pentagon, on the Department of the Army staff, the Defense Department staff, or the Joint Chiefs staff. This is a time when an officer can attach himself to a powerful general, make friends, and become visible. All staff jobs in the Army are said to be equally important, but everybody knows that Recruiting, say, is Siberia.

● Get a master's degree at a civilian university. M.A.s became wildly popular during the McNamara whiz-kid era at the Pentagon, when systems analysis was king, and now almost all generals have them. Getting a master's is a rare opportunity to see the civilian world.

● Attend a war college. Most majors—about 70 per cent—make it to lieutenant colonel, but at that rank many officers will end their careers. Less than half win their full colonel's eagles, and less than a twentieth of the colonels make brigadier general. So lieutenant colonel is a time of winnowing out. Six thousand lieutenant colonels a year are considered—again by a board—for a place at a war college, and only 300 make it. It's virtually impossible to make general if you haven't been to a war college. The best ones, for an Army officer, are the National War College in Washington and the Army War College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. If staff colleges teach majors how to run the Army, war colleges teach lieutenant colonels how to run the world. The curriculum is cushier than at staff colleges, running into lectures by national policy-makers on strategy and national security. You meet these people there and sometimes even brief them, and of course the other students are good people to know too.

● Command a battalion as a lieutenant colonel. This is the key discriminator, considered a prerequisite for winning a star. Since the time when he was commanding a company, a promising lieutenant colonel has been through a lot of staff work and education, but he has probably been away from troops. Commanding a

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battalion is a big, tough assignment. You have direct responsibility for 700 or so men. You're not anybody's assistant. It's a tough assignment to come by, too (again, a board parcels it out). When the battalion command list is posted, a lieutenant colonel knows if he's really going places or not.

All these ticket-punches give an officer visibility—visibility to his promotion boards, which can see the key assignments on his record, and visibility among his peers, the most promising of whom he's likely to know from West Point and Leavenworth and Korea and the War College and the Pentagon. A member of a promotion board has a minute, a minute-and-a-half to look at each officer's folder, so your promise has to be obvious. However, it's important to understand the distinction between visibility within the Army and visibility outside. It's not good for the career to go public, particularly with criticism of the Army, but even with praise. The officer Corps is supposed to be faceless. No officer is allowed to talk to reporters on the record without clearing it first with public affairs. The best-known member of the officer corps, Colonel Peter Dawkins, All-American football player, Rhodes Scholar, White House Fellow, Army War College graduate, a much-interviewed, widely proclaimed future Army Chief of Staff, didn't make the battalion command list the first year he was eligible for it. Dawkins was able to line up something close to command at Fort Ord in the interim, and he made the list the next year, but the gossip was that he was being punished for having his head up too high.

The Overall Structure

The system has changed in small ways over the years, but its overall structure—a succession of military schools and command posts—remains the same. A half-century ago, General Maxwell Taylor rose in this fashion: Fourth in his class at West Point, he went into the Corps of Engineers but fortuitously switched to the Artillery. He went to the Command and General Staff College and the Army War College. He commanded a battalion and served on the staff of General George C. Marshall, then the chief of staff, just as Marshall had served on the staff of General John J. Pershing when *he* was chief of staff. Ticket-punching in the Navy and the Air Force works the same way—staff service academies, staff colleges, and war colleges, are equally important ticket-punches, and command (of a submarine or a destroyer in the Navy, and a squadron of planes in the Air Force) at the upper-middle level is, similarly, the most important credential of all.

There are two important tests of the value of any system of ticket-punching. The first is whether it channels the best people into the areas that are most essential to the organization. Does General Motors, for instance, make it clear that the way for junior executives to get ahead is to be involved in making better and cheaper cars, or does it promote mainly from the corporate finance division?

On this count, the Army's record is pretty good. Although it claims to be encouraging specialization and lessening the bias toward the combat arts (this is known in the trade as not training every officer to become Chief of Staff), unofficially the word is that now more than ever, you've got to be out with the troops. The ambitious young captains and majors who looked over the most recent list of promotions to brigadier general saw 20 of the 36 men awarded stars coming from Infantry, Armor, and Field Artillery. The fifties, it's said, was the decade of tanks, the sixties of counter-insurgency techniques and airborne equipment, and the seventies, with its smaller budgets and de-emphasis of equipment, is the decade of the infantry. What officers most need to know—how to command troops—they have to know to be promoted to high rank. The Army is better at this than civilian society, whose example, if the Army followed it, would have the generals

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coming out of the Judge Advocate General's Corps.

The second test of a ticket-punching system is whether it really finds and puts in top positions the most talented people in the organization. Do you have to be able to really deliver the goods in order to amass the credentials it takes to get ahead, or is it necessary only to be there when the conductor comes by with his puncher. Just having a job on the *Courier-Journal* won't get you on the *Post*; you have to write good stories too. But on the other hand, once you've got your Supreme Court clerkship, how you perform in it is immaterial to your later success. By this measure the Army fails, because it's more important to get the right jobs than to do them well.

In theory, that's not so—in theory, the most important part of an officer's file and hence the key to promotion is his Officer Efficiency Reports, a series of performance ratings that every officer gets every six months or so all the way from second lieutenant to major general. In practice, the OERs, like the dollar and grades in college, are badly inflated. Commanding officers know that good scores make for happy subordinates, and that bad scores, rather than serving notice of temporary failings, can wreck careers. So the maximum score of 200 is common, and 185 is a disaster. If you average below 195, it's thought to be impossible to make major.

To be sure, there are subtle ways a rater can damn an officer without having to give him a low rating. For instance, a rater can say in his typed comments on the officer that he did "a superior job" and leave the officer's career in ruins. Elsewhere on the report "superior" appears as the second-best adjective in a heirarchy of praise that's led by "outstanding," so to call an officer superior is to call him second-rate. Also, promotion boards go through OERs so fast that any reservation-expressing word like "but" or "despite" or "although" is thought to stand out as a red flag of disapproval regardless of its context.

Because no officer who wants to advance himself can afford a bad report, no officer can afford to cross his boss. You've got to be on the same sheet of music. An officer always has more assigned tasks than he has time to do, so a case can always be made against him—he was supposed to do so-and-so and didn't, a hostile superior can say. There are good and bad bosses, of course, but on the whole, if you're living in fear that you won't max your next OER, you're not going to tell your boss what he's doing wrong, or that things aren't going well below.

The inflation of OERs also blurs any distinction between officers on the basis of their performance, in that on the record almost everyone's performance is nearly perfect. Only outstandingly bad performers stand apart from the crowd. The good officers have to find other ways to make their files shine. Special letters of recommendation help, as does a nice looking photograph (8-by-10 glossies are required in all officers' files, and it helps to look the part—which is why there are few generals who are short and fat and wear thick glasses). But by far the most important is the list of assignments—what jobs you've had and where you've had them. An officer on the way up makes sure to get acquainted with the person at the Military Personnel Center in Alexandria, Virginia who handles assignments for his rank and branch. More and more of the best assignments are being parcelled out by boards, but even there the board members are judging your eligibility for future plum assignments largely on the basis of which past plum assignments you've had.

The reason we have an Army is to keep World War III from happening now, and to fight it when it comes. In the unpleasant event of the latter, it's comforting to know that, for the moment at least, the people who are running the Army are the ones who know how to lead troops in battle. It's not so comforting to know we have no idea how good they'll be at it. ●

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Tidbits and Outrages

Smart Justice

We have noted that meritocratic values are increasingly dominant. Now comes Russell E. Yeazel, a judge in Dayton, Ohio, who has ruled that a convicted thief with an IQ of 140 should not go to jail because "we don't have the prison facilities to handle a genius.". . .

Join the Senate and See the World

Senator William W.L. Scott of Virginia recently flew to Lisbon, Portugal to attend a conference of the Interparliamentary Union. The trip was paid for by the U.S. government. So was his last trip, a solo journey to the Khyber Pass. So were other trips Scott has made during his five years in the Senate to Australia, Columbia, Peru, Brazil, Argentina, Panama, the Philippines, Belgium, West Germany, Spain, Turkey, Romania, India, France, Greece, Italy, England, Japan, Hong Kong, Cambodia, Vietnam, Thailand, Taiwan, Indonesia, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Syria, and Austria.

Just Whistle

The following is from a column by Richard Lipez in the Amherst (Mass.) *Record*:

A marvelous new term was introduced into the language by President Carter at a recent news conference. In reforming the civil service, Mr. Carter said, he wants to encourage "the legitimate whistle blower."

As an example of a presumably illegitimate whistle blower, the President offered up the case of Frank Snepp, a former intelligence analyst for the CIA in Vietnam. Snepp has published a grim book called *Decent Interval* showing how bad news about the war got suppressed in Saigon and good news was scraped together (or simply manufactured) and sent up to the generals and politicians, who kept hearing what they wanted to hear instead of the truth.

For his trouble, Snepp stands accused of breaking a CIA contract, and he is being investigated by the Justice Department, which will probably sue the man. Clearly, an "illegitimate" whistle blower.

What, then, is a "legitimate" whistle blower? Carter did not go into that, but it seems safe to infer that his kind of whistle blower is the one who blows his whistle through proper channels. If Carter gets his way, throughout government we can one day expect scenes like this:

"Ahhh, Armstrong, do come in! How enormously satisfying it is for me to have a man of your brilliance and integrity in my presence. A man dedicated to efficiency, service and, above all, the pursuit of truth! I just love it."

"Thank you, sir."

"Armstrong, I've received your completed U.S. Government Whistle Blower's Form, number GT-930-LB680, and I want you to know I am immensely impressed by it. Best damn W.B. work I've seen in weeks."

"I worked very hard on it, sir."

"You have marshalled the facts superbly, Armstrong, and you have shown beyond any doubt that the performance of this agency, under my direction, has been consistently wasteful, shortsighted, deceitful and dumb. Good work, Armstrong."

"Am I fired, sir?"

"Fired?? Ha ha, not in *this* administration, Armstrong. I am forwarding your completed Whistle Blower's form to President Carter at half-past ten this morning along with my personal recommendation that I and all my klutzy and devious cronies be out on the street no later than noon. How's that?"

"I . . . I'm pleased, sir. And, I must say, a little relieved. I *had* been thinking of leaking stories of this agency's horrifying ineptitude to the *Times*, or the *Post*, or Jack Anderson. But I sure am glad now that I blew my whistle legitimately. I never would have believed it, but the President's system works like . . . like a dream."

"You said it, Armstrong. Like a dream. That's it exactly."

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Roxie Munr

Where to Stay in Washington

by Jill Merrill

FOGGY BOTTOM

Many of our readers have work that brings them to Washington, so we have this regular feature to help make their stay a pleasant one—information about where to stay and where to eat. Whether you're on a tight budget or a generous expense account, we'll try to guide you to the right places. This month we cover the hotels near government agencies in Foggy Bottom, the area bordered by Washington Circle, the Kennedy Center, Constitution Avenue from 23rd Street to 17th Street, and the White House. It includes the Departments of State and Interior, the National Academy of Sciences, National Science Foundation, Federal Reserve Board, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Civil Service Commission, General Services Administration, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, Federal Home Loan Bank Board, and United States Information Agency. The IMF, World Bank, and George Washington University are also here.

Allen Lee Hotel, 2224 F St. N.W., 331-1224. This hotel offers minimal accommodations at minimum rates. There's no free parking, however—a consideration in this part of town, where both lots and spaces are scarcer than a bureaucrat on Labor Day. Single, $10-$17; double, $17. $3-per-child for cots in rooms. No credit cards.

Guest Quarters, 801 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., 785-2000. Across from the Watergate complex and the Kennedy Center, Guest Quarters is extremely attractive and convenient. All rooms are suites with fully equipped kitchen (including plates and utensils) as well as a dining "area" and living room. Although the kitchen facilities are adequate to cook a full dinner, there are many restaurants nearby. $46-$53 single; $54-$61 double; the lower rates are discount rates for government or corporate employees. $4-per-day charge for children under 16; $8, 16 and up. Pets allowed at $3-per-day. Meeting and conference rooms available.

Howard Johnson's, 2601 Virginia Ave., N.W., 965-2700. Directly across the street from the Watergate Office complex, this is where it all started. The rooms are reasonably priced: $34, single; $42, double. Suites are expensive, however—$80-$115 for an arrangement neither as capacious nor as attractive as Guest Quarters'. $4-per-child in rooms. Roof-top pool. Free parking.

Intrigue Hotel, 824 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., 337-6620. Right across from Guest Quarters, this hotel offers nightly, weekly, or monthly rates for small or large suites, all with fully equipped kitchens. In addition, there is a restaurant on the lobby level. The rooms are not unattractive, and the rates are a bargain, particularly for a family. Single, $31-$43 daily or $175-$210 per week; double, $36-$47, or $196-$238 per week. No additional charge for

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children under 18. Pets allowed. Parking $2.25-$3 per day.

Park Central, 705 18th St. N.W., 393-4700. This recently remodeled hotel offers rooms and suites at reasonable prices in a prime location—within walking (or spitting) distance of the White House and across the street from the World Bank/IMF complex. It has an outdoor cafe, restaurant, drug store, laundry, and liquor store and is close to the Metro and bus lines. $28-$34, single; $34-$40, double; $34-$40, efficiencies and suites, both with complete kitchens. Children under 12 free in double room with parents. Government employees subtract $1 from all rates.

Watergate Hotel, 2650 Virginia Ave., N.W., 965-2300. If you're on an expense account, by all means consider the Watergate. In addition to its reknown, every convenience is offered, including a health club with indoor pool, and the effect of the Watergate complex itself is quite dazzling. Single, $48-$72; double, $58-$82; suites, $72-$250. Children free. Parking, $3.25 daily.

If you're into small hotels - you ought to get into the Tabard Inn, Washington, D.C.

The Presidency

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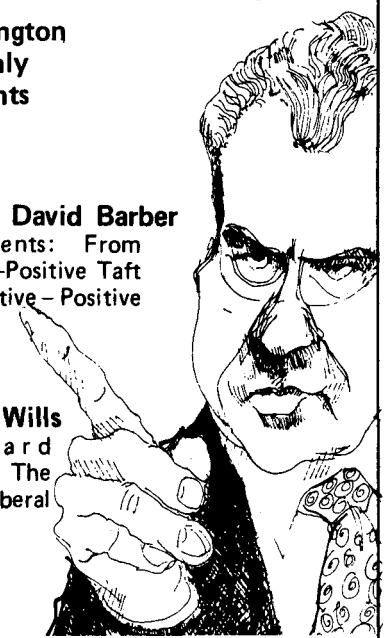

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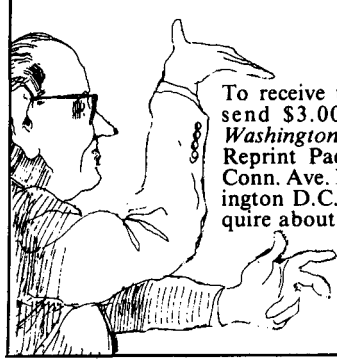

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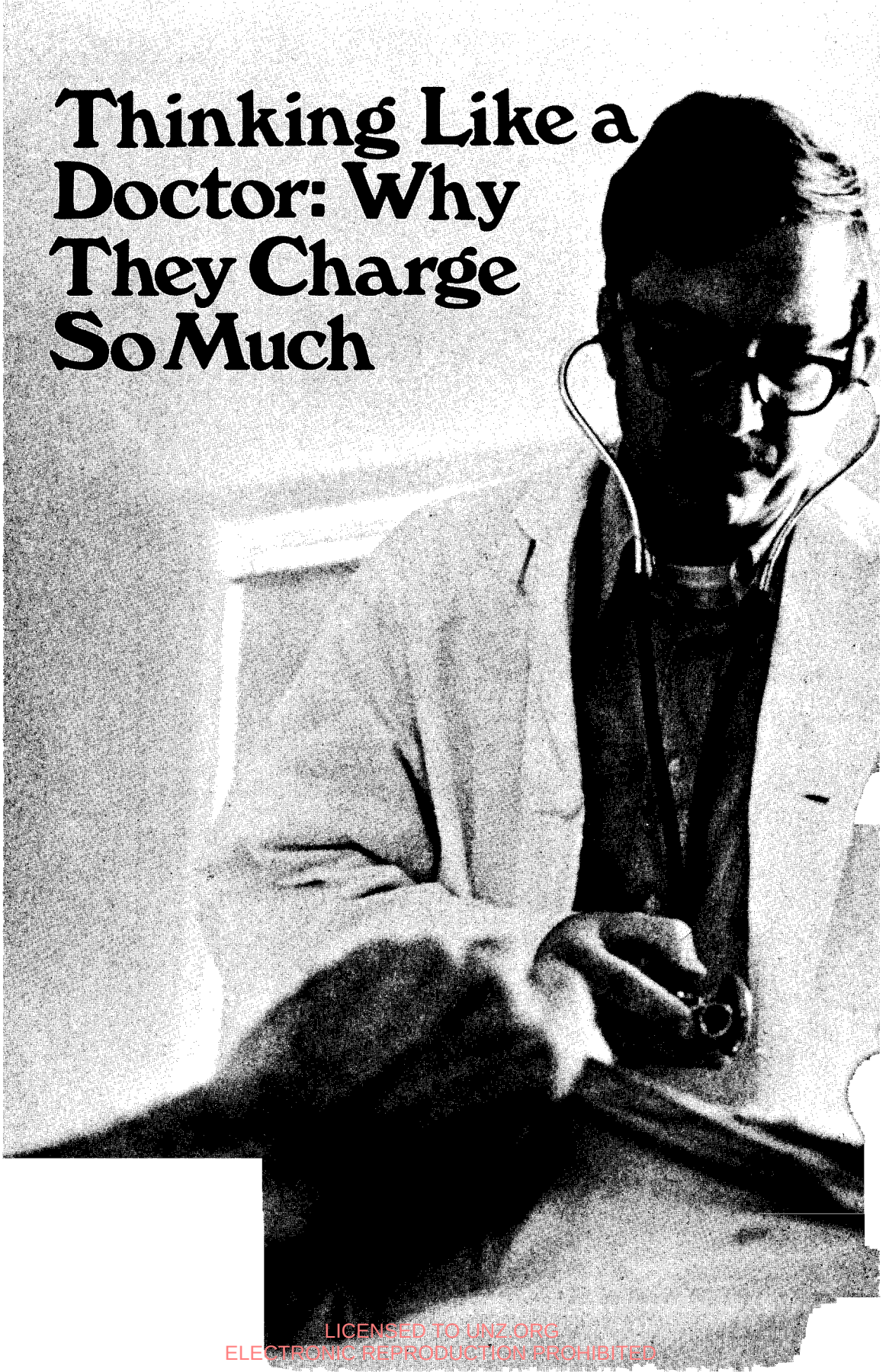
Thinking Like a Doctor: Why They Charge So Much



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by Thomas H. Lee

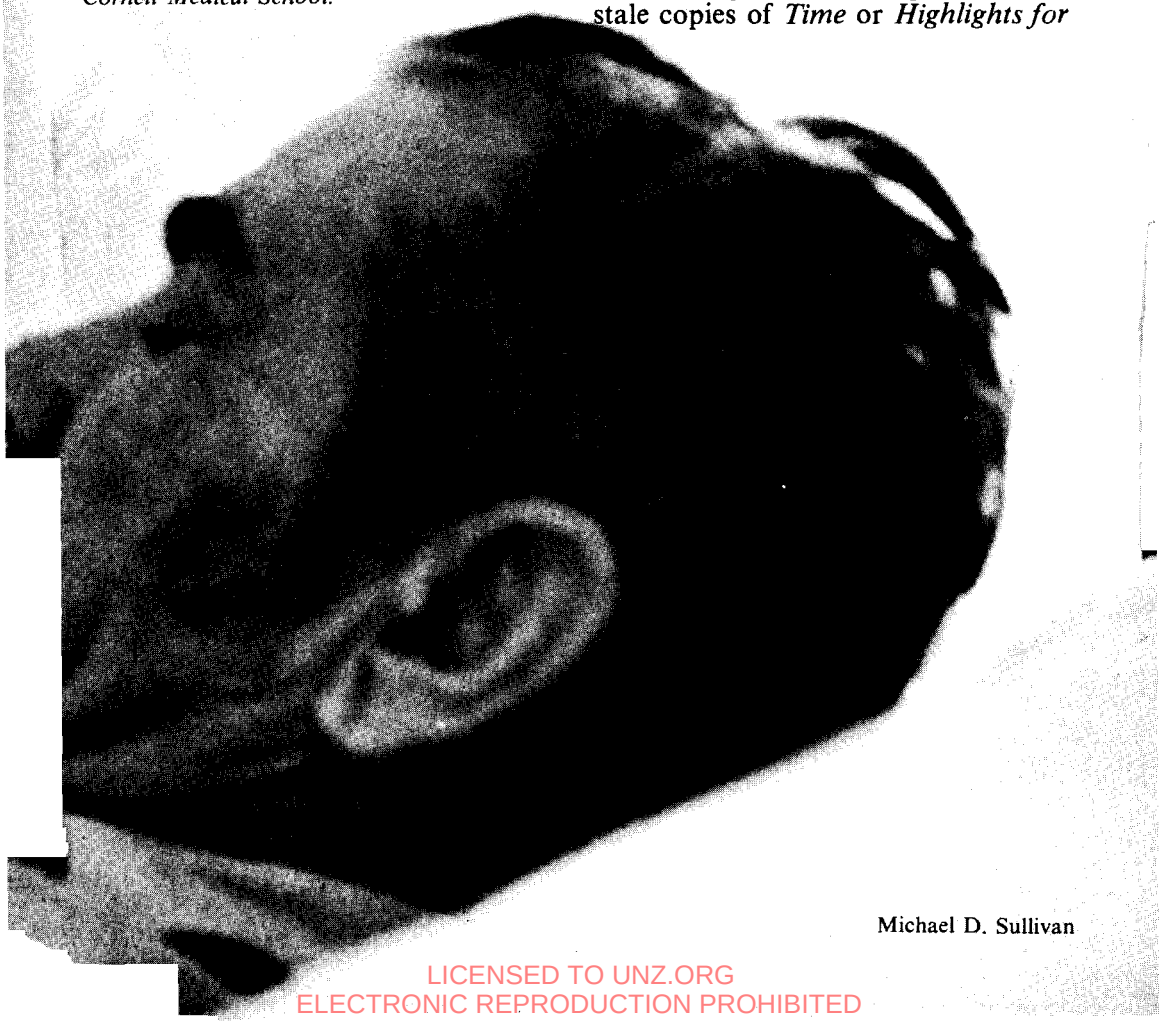
Ask medical students—mature adults in their 20s and 30s—why they chose medicine, and they'll give you the same answers they used at 12: "I want to help people." "I want a career in which I'll be respected and needed." "My father's a doctor." When pressed, most will concede that they're dimly aware of other attractions—the independence, the secure and ample income—but these are described as incidental fringe benefits. Even the most cynical doctor still sees a little bit of Albert Schweitzer in the mirror.

But what do their patients think?

George Bernard Shaw, who hated doctors and lived to 95, wrote in *The Doctor's Dilemma* that "Doctors are just like other Englishmen: most have no honor and no conscience." That judgment seemed a bit harsh on everyone concerned when Shaw's attack on medicine appeared in 1911. But these days, Shaw seems to have been too generous in his characterization—if the view of doctors that's now popular is true, he should have stressed the extraordinary greed, insensitivity, and narcissism many perceive in them. In short, doctors are not just like other people—they're even worse.

Before I came to medical school in 1975, I would have agreed with that notion. Like most people, I've often gone without doctors because of the expense, and when I did go to my local clinic, I usually sat an hour or more in the waiting room, enraged, reading stale copies of *Time* or *Highlights for*

Thomas H. Lee is a third-year student at Cornell Medical School.



Michael D. Sullivan

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Michael D. Sullivan

Children. Eventually I'd be seen for a few minutes and pay a ridiculous price.

I blamed all this—my illness, the wait, even the old *Time* magazines—on doctors, who I imagined were spending my fee on Cadillacs or golf clubs.

After three years of working with doctors and patients, I've learned that while physicians individually are guilty of many offenses, physicians collectively—that is, the system they've set up—are at fault for far more. For example, fee-for-service billing provides no incentive for preventive medicine and is a major cause of medical inflation. Pre-payment would motivate doctors to keep people healthy and encourage patients to seek care early in the course of their disease, making health care more effective and efficient.

The American Medical Association has fought pre-payment and health care reform, and doctors are of course guilty of supporting its policies, passively or otherwise. But physicians in general do not consider themselves political creatures or fully understand their collective economic impact. Only 60 per cent of U.S. doctors belong to the AMA, and most join for the insurance plans and access to scientific literature. They consider themselves free agents, responsible only to themselves and their patients. Although they vaguely know of the country's health care crises, they are content to be perfectly functioning cogs in a machine gone awry.

Doctors tend to draw a distinction that the public cannot—between their system and themselves. And as individuals, most are indeed decent and competent. So they are shocked and hurt that at a time when their technical capacity to treat disease has never been greater, discontent with doctors is at an all time high.

Some of it is the morning-after disillusionment that followed the euphoria ushered in during the 1930s with the development of "golden

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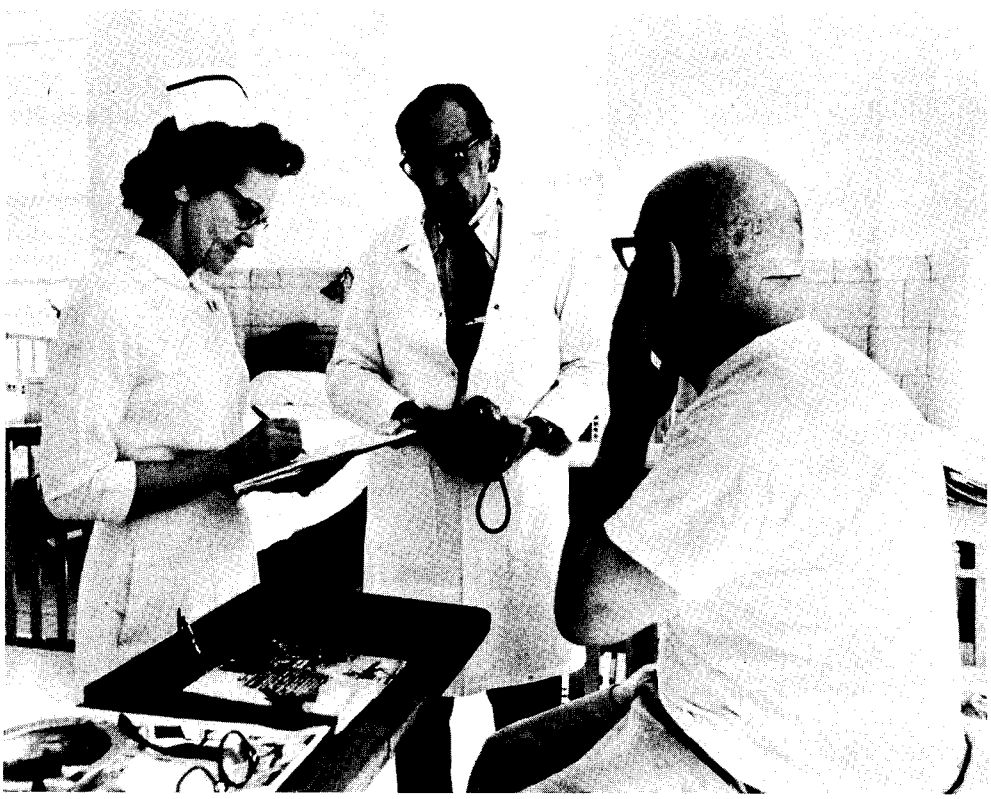
bullets" that could wipe out or limit the greatest killers of that time. Because of the effectiveness of these drugs and vaccinations, infections like pneumonia and polio are less significant today than chronic diseases like heart disease and cancer, for which no wonder drug exists. Medicine has created disappointment through its own success.

But it's also the fault of doctors' failings. An estimated 2.4 million unnecessary operations were performed in 1974, leading to 11,900 fatalities at a cost of $3.9 billion. Drug reactions kill about 160,000 a year. These are justifiably distressing statistics, and they have helped bring about the fading of the Norman Rockwell image of doctor as friend, neighbor, and occasional savior. Malpractice suits are only one part of the evidence. In a 1977 Harris survey, only 43 per cent of Americans expressed confidence in physicians, versus 76 per cent in 1966. And an Opinion Research poll last year showed that 69 per cent of Americans consider doctors' fees a major source of medical inflation.

These broad attitudinal changes have worked their way down to the wards and waiting rooms, where an adversary system has crept into the doctor-patient relationship. Disgruntled patients are ignoring medical advice and criticizing doctors not just for medicine's political and economic woes, but also for their paternalism, their huge incomes, and their whining insistence that they work harder than anyone else. Doctors in turn increasingly view patients as potential legal foes and devote nearly as much energy to avoiding law suits as to curing disease.

Some of these problems are solvable and some aren't; but to understand why they exist and how to meet them it's necessary to understand how doctors think. We in medicine live in an enclosed little world, one that has absorbed nearly all our time and



Michael D. Sullivan

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energy and shaped our attitudes. I think doctors are basically decent folks, who have lost touch with their patients, who are caught up in their own fantasies about their job.

In fact, I believe that part of the problem with doctors is that so many of them are incurable romantics about their role as physicians—romantic not in the amorous sense, but in the imaginative and emotional aura with which they surround their work. Most doctors are at least consciously dedicated to selfless purposes—the prolonging of life, the relief of pain—and I've never heard one refer to medicine as his "job." The AMA goes so far as to call the physician's duties "a sacred trust."

But doctors are also romantic with all the word's negative implications—they're self-indulgent, they're false martyrs, they're naive. And that's where many of medicine's problems begin.

In some ways, a romantic self-image makes a good physician. It sustains you through years of endless work, through grim nights when patients finally die. But it also fosters the very qualities that doctors' critics find so irritating. The dedication that keeps a doctor in the lab can isolate him from the rest of the world. And the cockiness that steadies a surgeon's hand can make him an impossibly obnoxious political foe.

Where Doctors Come From

A surprising number of physicians have *always* known that's what they wanted to be, even at ages when their friends were still earnest about becoming cowboys or quarterbacks. Typically, early in childhood, they broke an arm. A tall figure in a white coat came, took away their pain, and drove off in an Oldsmobile. From that moment, they knew what they must be, and set off on the long, lonely road to an M.D.

Like lovers looking for the women of their dreams, these youths come to medicine full of fantasies about what wearing a white coat means. Luckily for them, medicine not only forgives these notions, it cultivates and redeems them. Get an M.D., one learns, and you can touch or ask anything, dominate people while helping them—and get a lot of praise (and money) for it.

These seem worthwhile goals, and the current medical school admissions crunch indicates that they're widely perceived as such. Getting into medical schools has never been more arduous; and for many, the making of a doctor—and the process of acculturation—actually begins long before college, or even high school. Some psychiatrists would suggest looking as far back as toilet training, where the roots of obsessiveness and compulsiveness lie.

This much is clear—doctors were once medical students, who were once pre-meds, who were once in high school. Moving up this Great Chain of Being requires good grades at each step in disciplines that reward hard work more than raw I.Q. Medicine demands a lot of rote memorization and rigid adherence to not-so-glamorous routine—a good doctor doesn't skip rectal exams. And good medical students begin developing methodical study habits early in their schooling.

Does aiming for med school necessarily mean excluding all other interests? Not for everyone, but the intense competition for admission has forced many undergraduates to concentrate on science at the expense of history and humanities courses that might provide insight into the world in which medicine is practiced.

Pre-meds are urged to choose from a range of majors that, to paraphrase Dorothy Parker, runs the entire gamut from biochemistry to biology. "I was told that otherwise I would hurt my chances," one of my classmates recalls. Majoring outside the sciences is often interpreted by admissions officers as a lack of commitment to medicine.

Does it matter if doctors know little of music, art, or sports? Probably, but the consequences are subtle.

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Doctors are in general less slick than other professionals. They don't dress or make small talk as well as lawyers. When they go to bars they order beer, because they don't know the intricacies of hard liquor. In fact, after a few years at med school, many students feel uncomfortable during their rare encounters with old friends "on the outside." There's pressure to talk about cadaver dissection, psychiatry, and pelvic exams. While reciting the stories, you realize that your vocabulary and viewpoint have changed. You have to carefully avoid technical terms and even more carefully screen out material that might be too shocking. After a time, you find that you're most comfortable with other people in medicine, grousing about malpractice premiums and the hours you work.

Some physicians realize that solving medicine's problems will demand working with the rest of the community, but this message hasn't seeped down through the ranks to pre-meds, and no wonder. You don't need a sense of community or political savvy to get into medical school, and besides, there's no time to develop them. You have to work too hard and long, in the libraries and labs, alone.

Another funny thing about doctors: Nothing infuriates them nearly as much as the inference that they are overpaid. They've been called butchers, egomaniacs, and right-wing fanatics, and handled the criticism by ignoring it. But mention their $63,000 median income for 1976, or its 9.3-percent annual growth rate, and watch their blood pressures soar.

They rage about malpractice premiums, med school debts, and above all the emotionally and physically draining hours they put in. In fact, the defense doctors most commonly offer for their high fees is a blunt, "We work harder than anyone else." Very few feel guilty about the money they earn—they feel they deserve it.

While doctors are young, they *do* work harder than anyone else. The demands of medical school and residency are beyond the imagination of most Americans—they were certainly beyond mine when I applied. During the early years of their careers, when doctors are forming their professional self-image, they work from motivations other than money.

For example, a college graduate who wants to become a heart surgeon faces a minimum of 11 years of training, maybe more. During most of that time, his life will run in 48-hour cycles—36 hours "on," 12 "off." The pay is better than it used to be—interns at Manhattan's New York Hospital make $16,000 a year. But spread that over 100-hour work-weeks, and it amounts to $3.00 an hour, less than the hospital janitors make. Medical students work similar hours, and pay for the privilege.

There's something about going to work in the dark and coming home in the dark—realizing that you've missed another day's light completely—that encourages self-pity. There is no time for sports, reading, or relationships. One resident I know recently had to fill out a questionnaire and became depressed when he got to the part about "Outside Interests" and realized that he no longer had any, except sleeping.

Nothing infuriates [doctors] nearly as much as the inference that they are overpaid.

Do the sacrifices of youth justify huge fees in middle age? Probably not, but it's easy to see how interns might while away the nights dreaming of how their superhuman efforts will one day reap superhuman rewards.

Interns and residents have done

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precious little agitating for higher pay, and until recently they were barely paid at all. In medicine, the better and more desirable an internship is, the poorer it pays—the prestigious hospitals offer more important attractions, such as excellent teaching and good laboratories. And they continue to draw the best people.

The need for large fees seems to arise later, once a doctor leaves the academic environment and heads for the suburbs and private practice. But until then, few are obsessed with making money—there isn't even time to spend it. The real question is not "How much are they making?" at this point in one's career so much as "Why do they do it at all?"

One Friday evening recently, over beers at a bar, I asked a surgery resident who was winding up his fifth year of 36 hours on, 12 off, just what kept him going. He said he didn't know, and I believe him. Another resident, a woman in her third year, said it was "inertia," and I believe her, too.

Both agreed that on the nights when they had to operate at 3 a.m., neither thought of money. The more important forces were motivations for which money is often only a substitute—praise from superiors, the admiration of peers, the gratitude of patients. And I think there are also subtler reasons, deeply ingrained in medicine.

Some anthropologists believe that healing in all cultures involves common rituals, among them human sacrifice—of the healer himself. A shaman in many African tribes exorcises disease by absorbing it into himself. The climax of the healing ritual is the collapse of the stricken shaman, who then overpowers the disease at great personal expense.

I suspect that such fantasies of martyrdom go on in America today and are in fact an essential part of modern medicine. The form may have changed, but the message remains the same: our suffering shall set ye free. It's a delusion often shared by patients. Somehow, a gaunt, exhausted doctor seems to be sacrificing his own health for his patients', and thus must be more dedicated than the deeply tanned playboy just back from the Carribean. The results can be therapeutic.

So people in medicine tend to savor their weariness—blood-shot eyes are their red badge of courage. There's a tacit faith that somehow all this suffering will one day make us better physicians. At its purest, this attitude becomes what I call Exhaustion Chic—the celebration of sleeplessness for its own sake. One resident I know scheduled a talk for his students for 2 a.m. so they would "get used to staying up."

Money becomes a factor for doctors when they are too old and jaded to play the game, when they try to cash in their chips in private practice. Once residency is over, there are no teachers to impress, no peers to dazzle, and a new form of positive reinforcement must be found by medicine's compulsive over-achievers. Money is the substitute. Doctors raise their fees each year not to meet their rent, but to give themselves the little pats on the back that once carried them through their training.

But fatigue has its romantic advantages, temporary though they may be. More than once, I've found myself walking, exhausted, along Manhattan's York Avenue in the dark, white jacket slung over my shoulder, sleeves rolled up, tie loosened, top button unbuttoned, pants splattered with blood and iodine, in desperate need of a shave and shower. At those times, I'm aware that if there were any other pedestrians on the street at that hour—and there usually aren't—they might look upon my spent figure with a mixture of awe and admiration.

Paternalism

Paternalism in general went out of style in the 60s, I thought, but in medicine it remains as fashionable and functional as black bags.

There are many patients who demand full explanation of tests,

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description of all options, and final control over decisions. These patients gravitate to doctors who complement them, who accede to their wishes, and who are often themselves pleased to avoid choices. But most doctors don't like to give decisions away, or even discuss them. After all, they're the ones with the M.D. They like control, and patients are generally content to let them have it.

The reasons are psychological and cultural. Illness has always had a magical significance, and today, despite increased understanding of afflictions ranging from crabs to cancer, the sick remain creatures of superstition. Pain is commonly unconsciously interpreted as punishment, evoking questions like "Why me?"

Illness is itself a reminder of the vulnerability and helplessness that many patients felt as children. Hospitals reinforce the loss of control, stripping patients and dressing them in gowns that do not quite close in the back, performing tests without warning or explanation, sticking tubes in every orifice. No wonder many patients complain that they "feel like a little kid." Many even ask to be called by their first name, while continuing to address their physician as "Doctor."

The most successful doctors are the ones who understand these feelings, who know that sometimes scientific explanations provide neither comfort nor enlightenment. Even the strongest individuals are less independent when sick, and many patients are at least partly looking for an authority or father figure who can take control and magically make their problems disappear. Sometimes, doctors have appropriate drugs or operations, and can do just that. But even when they can't, huge decisions are left to them by default.

For example, one non-doctor friend recently told me that he despised doctors on principle, but accepted them as a necessary evil. In fact, he knew just what kind of doctor he was looking for.

"I want a doctor who will tell me everything, explain every detail, hide nothing—*unless* the news is terminal," he said. "I don't see any point in being told I have six months to live. What am I going to do—go out skydiving? Cleaning up my affairs would take a few days, and knowing would just ruin my last six months. In that case, I'd want my doctor to use his good judgment and not tell me."

"Of course, you understand," he added, "I would never go to a doctor if I suspected that he might do such a thing."

Naturally, he's never met a doctor he trusted and probably never will. And he's not alone. Many people are torn between the security a dominating traditional physician can sometimes provide and their distaste for the paternalism that often comes with it. In the end, their psychic needs usually win out. Who wants to be treated by an equal when Blue Cross will pay for a father figure?

In medicine paternalism remains as fashionable and functional as black bags.

I recently heard of one young woman who, although always critical of empty ritual in other aspects of life, was nevertheless upset during a hospitalization that her intern wore sneakers. And then there's the case of the three young doctors who started a prepaid group practice in New England and provided quality care at low prices in an informal atmosphere typified by their flannel shirts. Their patients had only one complaint—they wanted their physicians to "dress like doctors."

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Medical schools know patients often like paternalism and quietly teach the art. In fact, a fundamental part of medical school is developing your "professional cool"—all the little things you do to reassure the patient that everything's in control now that you're here, even if that's not exactly true. It's taking a good medical history, murmuring appropriately "I see" or "That must have been very painful" or "We see this often in cases like yours." And it's not stuttering when you ask a priest if he has ever had VD or a woman whether she's reached menopause. Your professional cool reminds you and your patient that you've been through this before, so you might as well handle everything.

Once you've developed your professional cool, it's easier to make decisions on how much to explain, how much to withhold, and what simply to command. Some patients *do* need full explanations, while for others a few milligrams of Valium will do. The trick is knowing which are which. The problem with doctors is that so many are sure they can tell.

Doctors like to tell the joke about a man who dies and finds himself standing in a long line outside the Pearly Gates. He waits patiently until he sees someone in a white coat jump out of a Lincoln and rush past the line into heaven. He's understandably furious until he finds out who the Gatecrasher is—God playing doctor, of course.

Only a joke, and not a very good one at that, but doctors love it for two reasons. By telling a mildly self-deprecating story, they show an (even milder) degree of humility; and the joke underscores a basic fact of medical life: doctors come first—before nurses, before administrators, even before patients.

In some countries, care is delivered by coordinated health teams, but U.S. medicine is largely a one-man show. The doctor is a star and virtually every aspect of patient care revolves around him. He takes the history, examines the patient, writes every order and prescription. Only doctors or medical students can "push didge"—inject digitalis through an intravenous line. Nurses cannot. This task and many others could be performed by nurses or paramedical workers, but the team approach is still alien to most hospitals.

In this not-very-efficient system, doctors do a lot of running around, while everyone else—patients and staff—spends a lot of time waiting for them. (Remember your last visit to a clinic?) All the purposeful activity and the people clamoring for attention makes doctors feel harried, overworked, and underpaid.

It also makes them feel important, and they tend to like that. There is, after all, something glamorous about carrying a beeper that may go off any minute, calling you to an emergency—it means you're needed.

Medicine and medical schools collaborate in reinforcing the star system, where every doctor is overburdened with work but pampered while doing it. I can't remember the last time I touched a bed pan, and I plan to avoid doing so as long as possible. I usually have more important things to do, like pushing didge.

Not surprisingly, the hospitals that doctors like most are the ones that treat them best. These hospitals' most treasured commodity is physician time, and they are designed to make the doctor's day as painless as possible. Significantly, many of them even bear the same name—a "Doctors' Hospital" can be found in cities throughout the country.

The price for doctors' convenience is often paid in time, money, and even the dignity of everyone else involved. For example, 40 or 50 patients will be given appointments for the hour at which a clinic opens, rather than spacing them out over the afternoon. This system means that most of the patients will wait 1 or 2 hours, but it eliminates the possibility that a doctor will sit idle if one patient is late.

Doctors usually get used to working

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alone instead of in teams. They insist on having things their own way, whether they're in an operating room or PTA meeting. And they develop a fondness for perks, ranging from M.D. license plates to gifts from drug companies.

But the most serious effect of medicine's star system comes when doctors believe their own hype—when they hear patients say, "You gave me life," and think to themselves, "He's right." They come to believe in their own omnipotence and try to extend their expertise beyond their field—to the lives of their patients and to hospital administration.

Thus doctors have a high rate of private airplane crashes—they can't believe *they*, of all people, would really crash. And they have a tendency to blow fortunes in the stock market. Most hospitals are run not by businessmen but by doctors, as if the idea of a doctor working for an MBA was too offensive to consider. As everyone knows, doctors run their own lives. As a result, most hospitals and the health care system are in serious financial trouble.

Can you ask for the good without the bad? Can you get excellence with arrogance, dedication without martyrdom, direction without domination?

Maybe, but it won't be easy. The current generation of physicians has always thought of itself as technically superb, hard-working, and justifiably paternalistic, and there is no reason to believe that the doctors they are training now will be any less humble.

This means that individual patients will probably have the same complaints about doctors for some time to come. Medical school is perhaps the single most important influence on the behavior of doctors, and changes in medical education will take 20 or 30 years to show up as changes in the health care system. When medical students are worked at a sane rate, they'll feel less self-pity and won't think later on that they have a right to be millionaires. When they have a broader understanding of the rest of society, they won't be so cavalier with their patients. These will be welcome changes, and they ought to be made.

But in the meantime, what do we do with the doctors we've got? One answer is to play to their psychic needs: these are prima donnas, people who like recognition and control. Because applause and respect are more important to doctors than money, it's possible to design a workable health care system that lets them keep their star status while reducing their income, as has been done in England.

Designing such a system here will require closer cooperation between health planners and doctors than we have seen. Doctors shouldn't exclude themselves from political discussions by their obstructionism, and politicians shouldn't count them out as some sort of fringe group. Health care programs cannot, after all, be forced on doctors and still work. A system that does not account for their personalities and motivations is doomed.

U.S. medicine is largely a one man show. The doctor is a star.

There are now some valuable reforms of health under discussion, but I'm worried by the tone of the debate. It's as if the people and their doctors were enemies forever. Doctors are not monsters who must be broken or conquered; they're normal people in a profession that has allowed their fantasies to become reality. The profession has to change, but its members also have to be understood. ●

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Who's Who in the Carter Administration

Secretary of State **Cyrus Vance**'s idea man is said to be **Tony Lake**, director of Policy Planning and the one member of the administration who can claim the distinction of having resigned from a previous administration in protest of our policies in Southeast Asia.... At the White House strategy sessions on the coal strike, **Griffin Bell** was the leading "let's hit 'em with Taft-Hartley" hawk and Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall and West Virginia's Jay Rockefeller, the most active participant among the governors, were the leaders of the "let's understand the miners" faction. Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger distinguished himself by providing some wildly inaccurate predictions about the effects of the strike on the economy.... Carter is re-nominating **Samuel D. Zagoria** and **John W. McGarry** to the Federal Elections Commission. Their original nominations were not acted on last year because Republican members of Congress felt Carter should have chosen a Republican suggested by them, and they were suspicious that Zagoria, a former *Washington Post* reporter and member of the National Labor Relations Board, was not of the true Republican faith.... **Midge Costanza** and **Jack Watson** continue to irritate the rest of the White House staff with their attempts to get a piece of the action.... Cousin **Hugh Carter's** bill authorizing a dramatic increase in the size of the White House staff so that the administration could "have plenty of flexibility in the event of an emergency like World War III" has to rank high in any history of the administration's political stupidity.

Appointments since our last issue:

WHITE HOUSE

Staff of Hamilton Jordan—Richard Reiman actually is on the payroll of the Small Business Administration. He was part of Midge Costanza's public liaison staff. Jordan's office refused to tell us what Reiman is doing.

Deputy Assistant to Hamilton Jordan—Stephen Selig was also transferred from public liaison to Jordan's staff.

Associate Special Assistant to Counsel Robert Lipshutz—Joyce Starr previously worked with Midge Costanza in the Public Liaison Office.

Deputy Counsel to the Vice President—Marilyn Haft was on Midge Costanza's staff and replaces Peter Kyros, who has become deputy chairman of the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities.

Member, Council on Environmental Quality—Ruth C. Clusen is President of the League of Women Voters of the United States.

COMMERCE

Senior Deputy Assistant Secretary for Trade Regulation in the Industry and Trade Administration—Stanley J. Marcus has moved up from the deputy assistantship. He was director of the Domestic and International Business Administration.

ENERGY

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Liquid Fuels—R. Dobie Langenkamp is a senior partner in the Tulsa, Oklahoma law firm of Doerner, Stuart, Saunders, Daniel and Langenkamp, which is active in the energy field.

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Power Applications—John F. Ahearne has served as a special assistant to Energy

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Secretary James R. Schlesinger in the White House Energy Policy and Planning Office, which preceded the creation of the Department. He also served under Schlesinger in the Department of Defense.

HEW

Health Care Financing Administration

Associate Deputy Administrator—Irwin Wolkstein will work with William D. Fullerton, deputy administrator, on hospital cost containment legislation. He previously served as deputy director of the Medicare program and is associate director of the American Hospital Association's Washington office.

Director, Office of Congressional Affairs—Cherry Y. Tsutsumida was special assistant to the head of the Health Resources Administration.

JUSTICE

Assistant Attorney General, Criminal Division—Philip Heyman is a Harvard Law School professor who served as a Watergate associate special prosecutor. He will replace **Benjamin Civiletti**, who has been nominated as deputy attorney general. From 1965-69 he worked for the State Department and from 1961-69 was at the Justice Department in the Solicitor General's Office.

Associate Director of the FBI—James B. Adams has been head of the FBI investigation section since 1974. His new job is the number-two post at the FBI.

STATE

Director, Bureau of Intelligence and Research—William Bowdler, a career diplomat, is currently U.S. Ambassador to South Africa. He will succeed **Harold H. Saunders.**

TREASURY

Assistant Secretary for Tax Policy—Donald Lubick has been acting assistant secretary since December. He was previously deputy assistant secretary for tax legislation and played a key role in drafting the Carter Administration's tax reform package. From 1961-64 he was tax legislative counsel at the Treasury and was in the tax section of the New York State Bar Association.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Commodity Futures Trading Commission

Chief Counsel, Enforcement Division—Richard A. Levie has served as special counsel in the Office of General Counsel.

Consumer Product Safety Commission

Member—Edith Barksdale Sloan was Director of the D.C. Office of Consumer Protection. Before accepting this position, she spent seven years as executive director of the National Committee on Household Employment.

Federal Reserve System

General Counsel of the Federal Board—Neal L. Petersen was the Washington representative, vice president, and assistant general counsel of the Bank of America in San Francisco.

Federal Trade Commission

Member—Robert Pitofsky put together a transition book on the agency for the incoming administration. He is a Georgetown University law professor and a former director of the FTC's Bureau of Competition.

Interstate Commerce Commission

Assistant Director, Bureau of Accounts—Ronald S. Young has been ICC's chief of accounting since 1975.

RESIGNATIONS, DEATHS, AND WITHDRAWN NOMINATIONS

Civil Aeronautics Board

Member—Lee R. West has resigned from the board. West will be the fourth member of the five-member board whom Carter has had a chance to replace.

Correction—In the March issue, we noted that Henry Owen was appointed Under Secretary for Policy at the Department of Defense. His nomination had been cleared by the White House but was vetoed at the last minute by Harold Brown, the Secretary of Defense.

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Life Without Cost Cover ir

by Joseph Burkholder Smi

Twenty-fifth college reunions are great occasions for letting the world know how well you've done, and mine was no exception. All my old classmates, it seemed, had become assistant secretaries of State or vice presidents of General Motors or had acquired some equally impressive title. So it was a little embarrassing when they'd ask me what I was up to. Not that I hadn't done well myself—I was at the time fairly high up in the Central Intelligence Agency. But I wasn't allowed to say that, so when they asked, I had to mumble something vague about being a civilian employee at Patrick Air Force base, an excuse that, I could tell, conjured up images of

Joseph Burkholder Smith was a high official of the CIA until he retired from the agency, after 25 years in it, in 1975.

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Badges: The of the CIA

genteel failure (too much drinking, perhaps) in the people who heard it.

Not being able to impress my old classmates was a small wound, but it symbolizes an important problem for CIA agents. We live in a society where lots of people plan their lives so as to accumulate the greatest possible number of credentials of the sort that will wow their peers at reunions and similar moments. These credentials give many Americans a sense of identity and of security. CIA people are by no means immune to the desire to impress people with credentials, but their jobs are directly at odds with that urge. In that way and several others, we in the CIA have been deprived of the normal ego supports of the American life of our time, and how we dealt with

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(and didn't deal with) their absence from our lives has had something to do with how our agency has (and hasn't done) its job.

It wasn't just our status among our peers that suffered as a result of our work. Normal family life was a victim too. The CIA's Clandestine Services division has for years had the highest divorce rate of any organization in the government. Part of the reason is that recruits of my generation of clandestine operators were instructed never to tell their wives what they were really doing. "Just say it's a question of national security," they told us, when we had to take one of our frequent absences from home. Of course, many men also discovered quickly what an improvement that line was over the old "working late at the office" routine and took advantage of it.

Still, most of the marital problems came not from philandering but from the unspectacular, bitter toll that living under cover takes on people. Officers with good marriages might tell their wives in general terms what kind of work keeps them out at night, but they have to insist that the wives give no hint. The first thing a CIA wife learns is never to ask another woman what her husband does, for fear she will be asked the same question.

CIA wives also have to join their husbands in keeping their children in the dark. When schools have programs in which the kids' fathers tell their classes about their fascinating work, she has to help invent reasons why her child can't volunteer his father's participation. When the son wants to visit his father's office, the way his friends do, she must try to ease his terrible feeling of rejection when his father tells him no. This kind of travail makes many women wonder if it's worth the effort.

If a CIA agent is stationed in Washington, he has to get used to being asked at every party, by every stranger he meets, "what do you do?" Personal qualities like kindness, good temper, or intelligence—even good looks and money—mean nothing in the nation's capital compared to where one stands in the pecking order. A CIA couple who maintain their cover are quickly "selected out" of any party they go to and end up in a corner talking to themselves. CIA wives, particularly, feel this instant social failure deeply and resent it. Until the women's movement, most women were raised to channel their ambitions toward the areas of party-giving and cooking. When married to a CIA agent, they felt they were denied these things because of their husbands' work, and their marriages got into trouble.

When CIA families go abroad they find their lives even more disrupted by status anxieties. The American official community, centered at the embassy, spends more time and effort than the Soviet KGB trying to discover who are the CIA families. If a CIA officer is assigned to the embassy under the guise of being in the Foreign Service, the U.S. Information Service, or the Agency for International Development, the real employees of these organizations ferret the CIA agents out and then take pains to treat them as second-class citizens. The government employees who are "legitimate" embassy personnel don't speak to them at all. If they arrive at the embassy under deep cover, with no false identity, then not even the other CIA personnel speak to them.

The game of uncovering the CIA people is made simple for the "legitimate" embassy personnel by a number of means. The State Department won't let CIA agents call themselves, as a cover, Foreign Service Officers; they have to say they're "Foreign Service Reserve" or "Foreign Service Staff" officers. Real FSSs, as they're called, are fairly low-level and real FSRs are never in political jobs, so the CIA's people—listed as FSS or FSR "political officers"—are obvious to one and all. In the same status-preserving spirit, the State Department used to publish an annual Biographic Register, a who's who of the Foreign Service that included information on degrees, jobs, and murky pasts; it

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wasn't until 1975 and the murders of several CIA agents that State made the Biographical Register a classified document.

Envy, Jealousy, and Distrust

There are several ways to deal with the problem of credentials. One is to rise above the woes of status anxiety. Another is to learn to laugh them off, even if they are painful. Unfortunately, however, a more common way of handling the trade-off between your cover and your status is to give up some of the first to get more of the second. In foreign capitals CIA agents often have been so anxious for the natives and the diplomatic community to consider them important that they've made their secret jobs obvious—which has not only brought them envy, jealousy, and distrust, but has also made it very hard for them to do their job of intelligence-gathering properly.

"Do you know that CIA people are paid double salaries to serve abroad?" the new political officer in Singapore said to me when I showed him and his family around the Singapore Swimming Club on the Sunday after he arrived. "They get paid twice as much as you or I do. They get paid for their cover jobs and then paid again for their hankypanky work. That's why they live better than we do." I felt flattered that I was holding my cover well enough to be told this secret, and I only wished what he was saying were true.

But it was an impression that was understandable, if erroneous. CIA officers did serve in covers that were lower in rank than their real jobs, and, both on the job and off, they didn't live lives consistent with the rank they were pretending to have. For reasons of their jobs, agents cultivate contacts in the local government and other diplomatic missions in circles far higher than people of their cover rank ever have a chance to meet. And they insist on renting the kind of houses to which their CIA rank entitles them, as well as demanding and receiving a lot of special perquisites. My new friend was wrong about the double salaries, but all the CIA officers he had seen abroad would certainly have given him the impression that he had about that rate of compensation.

In particular, most CIA station chiefs are not content to live in quarters much less grand than the ambassador's official residence. In many countries, this makes sense—the CIA has liaison responsibilities that are officially recognized by the ambassador and the State Department. But this is not appreciated by the lower-level employees of the embassy, if it's told to them at all. Resentment of the chief of station's lifestyle bubbles up.

In the past, many chiefs of state made no attempt to hide their preference for dealing with the CIA station chief rather than the ambassador—sometimes because they owed a great debt to the CIA, which may have stolen the election for them or financed the coup that put them in power. In any case, CIA station chiefs have always felt they cannot entertain these men in hovels. It would be detrimental to the prestige and interests of the United States, they argue, if they did not have the rank and accoutrements of the foreigners with whom they deal. One station chief I knew in the 1950s got two grade promotions by this gambit. It has served many a CIA official well in regard to his housing.

Frank Snepp, in his book *Decent Interval*, gives a vivid account of the perquisites agency personnel enjoyed in Vietnam. They had their own hotel, club, swimming pool, and cars. In the 1950s in Asia it was customary for CIA officers to have chauffeurs, too, on the rationale that you needed somebody around to guard CIA cars against looting. Since the cars were government property, the gas and oil and maintenance costs, as well as the chauffeur, were paid for out of the station's housekeeping funds. People who were listed as lowly attaches were often seen driving around in big, unmarked, chauffeured cars, which

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drove the Foreign Service Officers into frenzies of envy.

'We'll Entertain Ourselves'

Even worse, perhaps, than using perquisites to fend off the pangs of status anxiety, is CIA people's tendency to huddle together. If the rest of the world thought we were nondescript Army officers and the like, well, we knew who was and wasn't who and could play the game with each other. The other embassy personnel won't invite us to their parties? We're too low on the diplomatic list to get invited to the important functions given by other embassies and by officials of the local government? We'll entertain ourselves. Conscientious CIA officers try hard to curb this practice, which after all is a breach of nearly every tenet of good security, but they fail more often than they succeed.

In the days when our national purpose was more clearly defined, when we would, in the words of John F. Kennedy, pay any price and bear any burden in defense of the free world, it didn't matter so much if the cover of CIA personnel was a little thin. In some countries, the prestige of the agency was even higher than it was at home, enormously higher than it has been at home for the last three years. In the Philippines in the late 1950s, the CIA was so well regarded that members of the Army Counter Intelligence Corps used to try to recruit Filipinos by passing themselves off as CIA agents. Today, the open lifestyle of a station chief can lead to his death, as it did for Richard Welch in Athens.

Welch was killed by the gun of an anti-American assassin, but the gun was put into the assassin's hand by all the defenses against the dilemma of covert life that I've described. Welch lived in a house inherited from past station chiefs, everyone in the embassy knew his true position, and his biography appeared in the Biographic Register, which could be found in any library.

After Welch died the Register was mercifully classified, but that doesn't mean an end to the problem. CIA personnel will always feel a strain from having to pretend to be much less successful than they really are—even if they love their work and believe in it deeply, they'll still feel pangs. That's human nature, and while we ought to curb the obviousness of CIA agents' identities, to some extent we've just got to deal with it.

One way to do that is to treat CIA agents sympathetically. These are obviously people who have sacrificed something to work for the agency, and who depend to an inordinate extent on having stable relationships with their co-workers, since they can't have stable relationships with anyone else. The main thing in an agent's life—practically the only thing, for many—is how he's treated at Langley, where he stands there.

So when Admiral Stansfield Turner quickly fired 820 Clandestine Services officers last year, my initial approval (some of those fired, I thought, must have been the people who made me decide to leave the CIA in 1973) gave way to misgivings. It's true that the greatest physical hazard many spooks have ever faced is the danger of choking on the pit of the olive in their martinis. But the greatest hazard we all face in life is not physical danger; it's having something eat away at our soul. No one has to be a clandestine operator, of course, but once he is, he is deprived of the normal means of sustaining his self-image that prevails in our society.

I don't mean Turner should have kept on incompetents. But I'm sure that after those 820 firings everybody else at Langley felt bitter and frightened. These are not, after all, people who have anything else to fall back on, and they need a lot of support from their organization. Turner has to use these people, and if he wants to use them effectively he ought to find a way of letting some go while making the rest feel secure. ●

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My Side of the Story

by Laura Foreman

This is a story about politicians and the press, and it's arguable, I suppose, whether I'm the most qualified person to write it or the least.

Several years ago I was the political writer for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. My thesis at the time was that the public's right to know was ill served by reporting merely the official actions of politicians, the speeches and press conferences and new programs. In a time when politicians' principled positions on the issues usually change from minute to minute, the real need, I thought, was to know who they were—how they thought and felt and reacted, where they stood in that inner battle between the swine and the angel that is common to us all.

It didn't take long for me to discover that that sort of reporting was fraught with certain hazards.

Part of my job was to cover the reelection campaign of Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo in 1975. Rizzo is indisputably a frontrunner in the race for worst mayor of any town of any size in the United States. At the same time, he is a peerless campaigner and a fascinating and complex individual. So forceful is his personality that ever since his ascendance to political power, Philadelphia has been divided into two roughly equal, eternally hostile, and utterly irreconcilable camps—those who love Rizzo and those who hate him.

There was a whole phalanx of reporters at the *Inquirer*—the city hall bureau—whose sole mission was to chronicle the mayor's shortcomings and evildoings. My job, or so I thought, was to try to get to know him so that I could explain him in some depth as a man and as a social and political phenomenon.

One early result was that a zealous colleague accused me of being on Rizzo's payroll. Another put forth the theory that I was sleeping with him. Recently I even saw it written that Rizzo provided me with a limousine and

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driver to cover his campaign—an untruth that appeared in print as an absolute fact.

In an atmosphere as volatile as Rizzo's Philadelphia, I probably should have foreseen the consequences of what was happening to me in the turbulent days of that campaign: to wit, that I was falling in love with a politician, a powerful one and a staunch Rizzo ally—State Senator Henry J. "Buddy" Cianfrani.

The eventual outcome, two years later, was a public scandal, a good deal of private anguish, and the loss of a highly rewarding job with the Washington bureau of *The New York Times*. Grievous though the experience has been, it has at least afforded me a unique viewpoint. I doubt that any other reporter has ever been as close to what he covered as I have been, and I'm sure that no other reporter has ever been the target, rather than the author, of extended, deep, and painful probing into the most private crannies of life.

I used to wonder sometimes how the people I wrote about felt when they read my stories. I believe now that I know.

For a time I was too heartsick to read the reams of print describing my career, my character, my personality, my triumphs and mistakes. When I finally did, I had the eerie sensation of reading about a stranger who had somehow taken possession of my name and face. I was watching the accretion of a grotesque legend around someone I didn't even know, couldn't even recognize.

I used to ponder, in a detached sort of way, whether my colleagues and I were not too Olympian in our treatment of our subjects, whether we allowed them to be human and therefore fragile, whether we properly restrained ourselves from deifying them for their virtues and crucifying them for their faults. I have always thought it must be the innocence of youth in this young country that has caused Americans to view their leaders in such extreme terms, as saviors or demons, rather than as fallible fellow beings entitled not so much to respect or blame as to compassion.

I thought the press often reflected the worst side of this innocence, and compounded the problem by maintaining a distance between writer and subject that might have been professionally correct, even necessary, but that limited insights and reinforced judgmental extremes.

It's too soon, I think, to gauge the effect that what happened to me might have on the way politicians are covered. I'm afraid, however, that it may well widen further the gap between writer and subject and discourage reporters who honestly try to depict their subjects on a human scale.

I hope not. With apologies for having gone too far in the other direction, I still believe the press should ponder this question of distance, and with less detachment than we could once afford.

Hostile and Distant

When I became the *Inquirer*'s political writer in August 1974 I walked into the middle of a long-standing bureaucratic war. The paper's city hall bureau, headed by Aaron Epstein, covered the day-to-day public workings of the city government and did investigative stories about Frank Rizzo. Everybody in the bureau hated Rizzo, and Rizzo hated everyone in the bureau. He hadn't talked to any of them in months. Their relationship with the mayor—remember, this was at the zenith of the Watergate mood of the press, with all that implies—was just what most people now think reporters' relationships with politicians should be. It was hostile and distant and devoid of understanding.

That isn't to say that the city hall bureau wasn't good at what it did. Rizzo is a genuinely terrible mayor and that was reflected in the bureau's reporting. It also did some important investigating of Rizzo's finances, which were rather more magnificent in scale than those of most lifetime city employees.

My job was to cover political campaigns, and that meant it was my

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job to write about a different Rizzo—Rizzo the campaigner, a man who was fantastically good at winning elections. While the city hall bureau had no access to the mayor, I was often in his company. He liked me, partly because he could tell I liked him. While the city hall bureau reported (accurately) that Rizzo was bad at government, I reported (accurately) that he was good at politics. That meant exploring the reasons—most of them personal and instinctual, having nothing to do with "the issues"—he won so many votes. And that did not endear me to the city hall bureau.

The bureau—and especially Epstein—hadn't liked my predecessor as political writer, Jon Katz, who also had access to Rizzo and wrote more about his character than his policy stands. They thought he was in Rizzo's back pocket. They thought the same about me, in spades. It wasn't just last fall that I was accused of being too close to the people I covered. That was a charge brought against me from the start.

Too Close to Cianfrani

I was the constant subject of complaints to my editors, mostly from Epstein and his bureau. Once, for instance, I did a story on a black political banquet that Rizzo attended. I wrote that there were 400 people there, which was a good turnout, and I predicted that Rizzo would do better with the black vote in his reelection campaign than he had before, which in fact he did. When the story came out Aaron Epstein spent the better part of a day looking at a photograph of the banquet and counting the tiny heads, in an effort to prove that I had inflated the attendance in order to make Rizzo look better. He eventually brought his head count to a higher-up at the paper, but the police estimate agreed with me.

But if they were wrong about Rizzo and me, I think it's probably right that I was too close to one politician I covered—Buddy Cianfrani, the man I fell in love with (since then put behind bars by U.S. Attorney David Marston). As soon as was practicable, I got myself transferred so that I wouldn't have to cover him any more, and in the interim I mentioned him as little as possible and stuck as much as I could to what was commonly known. I never slanted a story in his favor. If it was a bad situation, it was bad because we were in love, not because of the gifts Buddy bought me, which were the immediate cause of my downfall. Otherwise, I think my critics were wrong. I don't think I got too close to the people I covered. I got closer than most, it's true, and the situation was tricky at times, but I think it paid off in terms of what I was able to write.

Nice-Sounding Rules of Journalism

Aaron Epstein and his bureau did have a point, however. Maintaining access to Frank Rizzo was a complicated matter, one that didn't fit easily into any nice-sounding rules of journalism. It was true that many people who wrote stories hostile to Rizzo were denied access to him, mostly because of those stories. But I think it was also true that you could stay close to the man and still write honestly about him.

As is the case with a lot of politicians, Rizzo's emotional development seemed to have stopped at the age of six. He desperately needed to be loved by everyone. So when I wrote something he didn't like—for instance, when I wrote that a number of people at a labor dinner had booed him—he'd call me up at six in the morning, knowing I'm a late sleeper, and call me a bitch and a lot of other things. By that afternoon, all would usually be forgotten.

Partly this was because Rizzo was mercurial. Partly it was because my job was writing about something Rizzo was very good at, politicking, so my coverage was basically favorable. But I always thought the most important thing was that he felt I liked him personally and the city hall bureau didn't—which was true. As long as I

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liked him, I could write pretty much what I wanted. That may sound like a strange bargain, but that's the way Rizzo was.

Of course, he would sometimes tell me things off the record and, like any reporter, I'd honor our agreement. There was also one matter he asked me not to write about, and I didn't—he was one of the world's most flirtatious men and often turned on the charm to women he met in the course of campaigning. Rizzo was, justifiably, afraid of what his wife would do to him if she found this out, and I, like many a reporter before me, kept quiet about it. Otherwise, I wrote absolutely what I saw, without thinking about whether it would close off my access to Rizzo.

Taking Risks to Gain Access

And I saw a lot. The first time I had lunch with Rizzo and some of his aides in his office, he happened to let slip the word "damn" and apologized to me profusely. But when he saw I could take part in the office back-and-forth without being offended, he spoke to me as he did to everyone else around him—which is to say, every second or third word was unprintable. He kidded me mercilessly, as he did his aides. He started to let me spend more time with him than the other reporters, which of course is what I had wanted all along.

Occasionally at the end of a work day I would go out for drinks or dinner with Rizzo and his entourage. During his campaign for reelection in the spring of 1975, I spent many a day riding with him in his chauffeured limousine. Rizzo had four full-time bodyguards from the police department (with whom I made sure to have a good relationship) and an ever-present campaign strategist, Martin Weinberg. All these people he kidded and berated often. Usually they talked about the campaign, but in relaxed moments the conversation would come around to Rizzo's favorite subject—the police. His favorite activities in the world, as far as I could tell, were trading cop stories, listening to police radios, and reminiscing about his own years on the force. He was a great raconteur.

At campaign stops, Rizzo was impressive. He never met anyone for the second time when he didn't remember his name, his wife's name, his children's names, and where he worked. He was well scheduled and well advanced. He drew crowds and knew how to handle them. He had an instinctive feel for people and their needs that was as complete as his bafflement at how to run a government. Large programs either bored or mystified him, but I never saw him drive over a pothole when he didn't call in right away with orders that it be paved over.

I wouldn't have known this Rizzo if I had stuck to covering press conferences and speeches, and I wouldn't have been able to write the stories I wrote. Sure, gaining access to a Rizzo without compromising yourself took some skill, but it was a skill that I think I had and that I'd trust other reporters to have. It would be wrong, I thought, to forego the risk of being corrupted if it meant also foregoing writing things like this, from one of my campaign stories:

"Much has been made of the Rizzo 'charm,' but that's too effete a word. Frank Rizzo is a primal force, like fire or a hurricane. He exerts an almost hypnotic fascination for some people and utterly repels others. At once crude and courtly, polished and primitive, his overwhelming personality defies a neutral reaction. . . .

"The dinner appearance [at a Northeast Philadelphia restaurant one night] involves The Speech, the handshaking, and another staple—the pictures. Rizzo has probably done more for group portraits than anybody since Grant Wood. A photographer travels with him, and anyone who wants his picture taken with the mayor is promptly obliged.

"Rizzo is about ready to leave, but Weinberg has uncovered a bonus. Downstairs at Dugan's, Police Academy Class 123 is having its 20th reunion—a tailor-made Rizzo crowd.

"'There's old Flanigan,' booms the

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mayor as he descends on the room. 'He was with me as a rookie. What'd you weigh then, Flanigan, 145? Barely made the weight. You had hair then, too.'

"The badinage continues around the room. Everyone calls him 'The General.'

"'We all called him that,' a retired officer says. 'We would've followed him through a brick wall.'"

Complaints About Stories

I had similar access in that campaign to Rizzo's Democratic primary opponent, State Senator Louis G. Hill—not because Hill liked me but because he desperately needed the exposure. Hill was a patrician, the stepson of former Philadelphia mayor Richardson Dilworth, a man with great integrity and a good record in the senate but a feel for people that was as weak as Rizzo's was strong. Hill was unfailingly kind and well-meaning, but totally lacking in accurate self-perception, political savvy, and toughness. When, after following him around for days, I wrote a long story on Hill's campaign, I began with an incident that stuck in my mind: Hill on a beautiful spring day choosing to take his campaign underground, to a subway stop where he handed out leaflets to commuters from New Jersey. If it was a cold day, on the other hand, you could count on Hill to be outside.

Hill was a surprisingly innocent man. Once a little boy came up to him at a campaign stop and said he hated Rizzo. "Don't say that," Hill said gently. "Don't ever say you hate anybody." At the start of the primary Hill had a good chance, because he was the candidate of the Philadelphia Democratic machine, with which Rizzo had split; but in the end, Rizzo won easily.

The Hill camp sincerely felt I was out to get its man, and Hill and others wrote letters to the *Inquirer* complaining that I was slanting my stories against him and for Rizzo. The complaints got so bad that eventually Gene Roberts, the *Inquirer*'s editor, asked my replacement as political writer, Paul Critchlow, to review my stories on Hill to see if they had been fair. He said they had been. I believe they were.

The Rizzo-Hill primary was at the end of May 1975, and it was in the months between it and the no-contest general election in the fall that Buddy Cianfrani and I developed a serious relationship. I realized that this was a conflict, but I wanted to cover the election through to its conclusion in November. So I wrote about Buddy as little as possible and asked to be transferred after the election—which I was.

Walking the Narrow Line

Although my relationship with Buddy would never have started if I had been a standoffish, distance maintaining reporter, I wouldn't put it in the same category as my relationship with Rizzo. I think reporters should try to walk the narrow line of friendship with politicians they cover if it will help them write better stories. I don't think they should fall in love with them—that makes honest reporting well-nigh impossible.

It was common knowledge around the *Inquirer* newsroom that Buddy and I were having an affair, and people may not have liked it, but there were no consequences for me professionally at the time. I continued to do well at the *Inquirer*. My editors continued to like my stories. In early 1977 I went to work for *The New York Times*, where I was supposed to cover Washington with a fresh eye, as if it were a foreign province.

On August 27, 1977, the *Inquirer* ran a page-one story saying I had accepted gifts from Buddy worth more than $10,000, some of them while I was still on the local political beat. The story was factually accurate, although I have some quarrel with the thinking behind it. It's typical of the ethics-code mentality of journalism today that a

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relationship isn't corrupting unless something of value changes hands. My relationship with Buddy may well have been corrupting, but those gifts certainly weren't the reason why.

In any event, what my old co-workers had known about for two years and not printed was now news, and it couldn't have come at a worse time. The Bert Lance affair was at its fevered peak, and the *Times* was leading the pack of papers looking into Lance's conflicts of interest. It would hardly do, then, for the *Times* to harbor a conflict of interest of its own. Abe Rosenthal, the *Times'* managing editor, called me up to New York and asked me to resign. I was very upset at the time, and I don't remember exactly what he said. I do remember his mentioning Lance and saying he was sure this kind of thing went on all the time, but I had been caught and had to pay the price.

An irony of the case was that I had just finished my best story for the *Times* when all hell broke loose—an interview with beleaguered Labelle Lance, a sweet, pampered Southern belle. She didn't understand what was happening to her husband. I didn't understand what was happening to me. My editors liked the story so much that they considered running it without a byline, I heard later, but in the end they decided that since I had left the paper it couldn't see the light of day.

The Appearance of Impropriety

The press reaction to my story was intense—there was a page-long story in *Newsweek*, a longer one in *Esquire*, a 17,000-word opus in the *Inquirer*, two columns in *The Washington Post*, three stories in *The Washington Star*, a long lead story in *The Village Voice*, and uncounted other pieces in publications throughout the country. There were also debates among my colleagues, the dinner parties that never made it into print where people assessed my culpability or lack of it and considered whether it made any difference that I never slanted a story because of my relationship with a politician, or whether my merely allowing the appearance of impropriety to exist was enough to justify what happened to my career. I have a feeling I lost those arguments.

To some extent I felt (and still feel) that my old friends in journalism were washing their hands of me. But it's obvious that I hit a raw nerve, too. There seems to be an unease within the press, a need at once to codify its standards and to humanize them, to come to some kind of peace with itself and its incalculable power. On the other hand, there are thoughtful people within the profession who argue that my experience should serve as a warning to reporters inclined to dip beneath facades and run the risk that entails.

I hope not. I think it's important for reporters to judge the politicians they cover in human terms, and that means judging their own behavior the same way—knowing where that subjective line is between getting close and getting co-opted and staying on the right side of it. I don't think adversary relationships and shunning any friendly contact are the way to cover politics; you just have to know when you're shortchanging your readers and when you're not.

People will say the real issue in what happened to me is reporters' accepting gifts from sources. That's part of it, but my case was so controversial because there is a lot more involved too—whether reporters should dispassionately cover public events or empathetically cover the harder-to-get-at areas as well. The first kind of reporting will produce incorruptible journalists who don't understand the world behind the interviews, press conferences, announcements, and leaks. The second kind will involve a lot of personal moral choices, some of which will be made mistakenly, and it will produce richer dividends. I honestly believe that I gave the *Inquirer*'s readers a fuller and more honest picture of the political world than they would have received if I had kept my distance. ●

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Richard Reeves on Political Books

It was almost nine years ago, November 3, 1969, in Des Moines, that Spiro Agnew attacked "The Media," "a small group of men, numbering perhaps no more than a dozen 'anchormen,' commentators, and executive producers . . . selecting, presenting, and interpreting the great issues of our Nation."

The group may be smaller than Agnew imagined—perhaps he should have focused on a couple of editors of *The New York Times*. At least that's the impression I got from reading *Air Time—The Inside Story of CBS News*, published this month by Harper & Row. The inside story of CBS News seems to be that a lot of ambitious, talented, and high-priced folks sit in New York reading the *Times* to figure out what to do next.

It's not a bad book. Gary Paul Gates, the author, a former CBS writer and co-author (with Dan Rather) of *The Palace Guard*, knows whereof he speaks and has crammed in a lot of interesting detail and anecdotes about Uncle Walter and Dan and Roger, Eric, Marvin and Leslie, and the whole CBS family. But the book is not what, I suspect, it was intended to be: *The Kingdom and the Power* of television news. The fault is not in himself, for Gates comes across as honest and competent, but in his stars. Gay Talese, in addition to being a superior writer, simply had more to work with—the *Times* is in the news-gathering business, sometimes the discovery business; CBS is in the broadcasting business, and it obviously prefers broadcasting what has already been in the *Times*.

I began to realize what I was reading on page 189 when Gates was talking about an atypical CBS producer named Stanhope Gould: "He produced a series of stories on draft resistance that included the first detailed look—*in any medium*—at the growing number of deserters living in Canada." (To digress for a moment, Gould, in my memory, won a permanent place in journalism's firmament during the 1976 Democratic National Convention when he was trapped on a lower Manhattan roof by a posse of gun-toting Puerto Ricans. They were looking for a burglar and they found

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Gould looking through binoculars into a printshop window to try to see if he could read posters with the name of Jimmy Carter's still-unknown running mate. He threw his hands into the air and said: "We mean no harm. We are from NBC.")

Anyway, the extraordinary attention Gates gave to an actual scoop by a $100-million-a-year news organization emphasized that, in the rest of the book, almost every other story reported by CBS News was a secondary effort, with the primary work primarily coming from the *Times*. When the Washington bureau chief of CBS gets mad at a story-idea memo from his boss in New York, he rockets back his own note: "In case you're not aware of it, we get copies of *The New York Times* down here, too."

Before the rise of television news, in 1960, John F. Kennedy was asked what he thought was the most important news source and opinion-maker in the country. His answer: *Time* magazine. Then along came the nightly network news, reaching 40 million people each weekday. Now what is the most important source and opinion-maker in the country? My answer: *The New York Times*. What television news, with a dazzling lack of journalistic initiative as opposed to the technical initiative that networks have taken, has accomplished is to make the *Times* a de facto national newspaper. (The same would be true, on Washington coverage, of *The Washington Post*.)

The *Times* prevails for many reasons, not the least of which is that it's the best newspaper in the world. It also comes out every morning—as opposed to a weekly like *Time*—which is essential to the operations of the networks. And, it is the paper read by the bosses of anchormen, commentators, and executive producers. CBS, after all, is not in the news business. It is an entertainment conglomerate, and Walter and the family work for entrepreneurs, salesmen, and accountants—and, if what my friends at CBS tell me is true, those bosses, New Yorkers all, are among the Americans who don't *believe* Cronkite unless he's repeating what they've already read in the *Times* on the way to work.

At one point, Gates writes of a CBS News executive, Gordon Manning, who regularly brought up his experience on wire services and magazines—"which, he implied, gave him a professional, even a moral edge over those CBS News people who had spent all or most of their careers in broadcasting."

"It was sore subject," Gates continues, "for there was a tendency among his colleagues to accept that assessment as valid. Many television journalists continued to be plagued by a sense of inferiority, a feeling that they still did not measure up to their lodge brothers who toiled in the presumably less tainted milieu of print journalism."

Taint and morality have very little to do with it. What *Air Time* made clearer than anything I have read recently is that print and electronic journalists are simply in different businesses. If print types have any moral claim, it would have to be based on the fact that they are paid less to go many of the same places. If they have a professional claim, it would be that Abe Rosenthal, the editor of *The New York Times*, is far and away the most important journalist in the country and that Walter Cronkite, who is very, very good at what he does, is the world's highest-paid newsboy. ●

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political book notes

Political affairs books to be published in May

Access: The Guide to a Better Life for Disabled Americans. Lilly Bruck. Random House, $12.95.

The Angolan Revolution: Exile Politics and Guerrilla Warfare (1962-1976). John A. Marcum. MIT Press, $30.

Approaches to Controlling Air Pollution. Ann F. Friedlaender, ed. MIT Press, $24.95.

Beyond the Moon. Paolo Maffei. MIT Press, $12.50.

China-Watch: Toward Sino-American Reconciliation. Robert G. Sutter. Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, $10.95.

Civil Commitment and Social Control. Martin L. Forst. Lexington, $16.

Court Reform: Ideal or Illusion. Steven W. Hays. Lexington, $15.

Cousin Beedie and Cousin Not: My Life with the Carter Family of Plains, Georgia. Hugh Carter with Frances Spatz Leighton. Prentice-Hall, $12.50.

Dead Man Walking: Teaching in a Maximum Security Prison. W. Reason Campbell. Marek, $8.95.

Easy Money. Donald Goddard. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.

The Economics of Environmental Quality. Edwin S. Mills. Norton, $11.95.

From Power to Peace. Jeb Magruder. Word Books, $7.95.

Heiress: The Rich Life of Marjorie Merriweather Post. William Wright. New Republic, $12.50.

Honorable Men: My Life in the CIA. William Colby with Peter Forbath. Simon and Schuster, $10.95. "He's a goddamned Jesuit!", a retired CIA station chief wrote recently to an ambassador under whom he had served in Europe. He continued to rant for three pages about the damage William Colby did to the CIA by his congressional testimony. This book shows that the former CIA director is painfully aware of this kind of criticism, which dozens of his former colleagues heaped upon him during 1975 when, beginning with his testimony to the Rockefeller Commision on January 15, for a solid year he was "called to testify before one committee or another two to three or sometimes five times a week."

The Rockefeller Commission was created in response to Pulitzer Prize-winner Seymour Hersh's *New York Times* blockbuster of December 22, 1974, revealing the agency's "Huge Operations in U.S. Against Anti-War Forces" and other domestic activities that violated its charter. Colby immediately decided he would be candid. Not only did this enrage the hard-liner Cold Warriors in Langley, it didn't sit well with a lot of more important people in the government.

On page 461 of his book, Colby lists the reasons he thinks he was fired by President Ford in the "Halloween Massacre" that year, when James Schlesinger was also dumped from the Defense Department. "I had felt myself increasingly isolated from the White House team as the year progressed," he writes. "I had been blamed for not categorically denying Hersh's story at the very beginning, I had been criticized for being too forthcoming to the Rockefeller Commission; I had been scolded for not stonewalling at every congressional hearing . . . and especially the fact that I delivered the dart gun when Congress demanded it blew the roof off." The Jesuit crack may possibly be traced to Henry Kissinger, who, in strongly urging Colby to conceal as much information as possible from Congress and the public, said, "Bill, you go to confession every time you go up to the Hill to testify."

The book's subtitle might better be, "The Education of William Colby." He started as a covert action operator establishing stay-behind nets in Scandinavia for a World War III that the CIA was convinced would start any day in 1951, and handing out satchels of money two years later to Italian politicians to achieve a political stability that never materialized. He progressed to Saigon station chief in 1960, struggling to help Vietnamese help themselves create meaningful self-government in the countryside, to chief of the Far East Division, the largest and most challenging area of Clandestine Services' activities, to administrator of the inter-agency CORDS program in Vietnam, our final major effort

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to help the Vietnamese win the real war there, then to executive director, deputy director for plans, and finally Director of Central Intelligence.

His story is a bit uneven—for instance, he seems to find it necessary to explain the spend-thrift political operations in Rome with the same detail he devotes to his testimony in Congress, and he glides too quickly over the myriad problems of cover and bureaucratic claptrap that plagued covert operations.

He also reveals a bit, far from all, of the story of James Angleton and his Counter-Intelligence staff. This man and his subordinates, Colby explains, actually believed all CIA operations were really being controlled by the Soviet KGB. Worse still, perhaps, Angleton, because of some murky claim from OSS days that no one, not even Colby, has ever fully explained, controlled the agency's Israeli contacts and forbade any exchange of information between them and the CIA's stations in Arab countries. Colby decided to fire Angleton but didn't bring himself to do it until it was too late. Angleton resigned after the Hersh story broke, and so appeared to be a scapegoat. Most of the "Jesuit confessor" criticism of Colby, such as the letter quoted at the outset, comes from Angleton's cronies.

Colby concludes with some interesting ideas abut the future of American intelligence. He points out that technological advances may make possible a new day when intelligence can be primarily a contribution to reassurance and understanding rather than a collection of secrets for momentary tactical or strategic advantage. Such intelligence should be widely available to the public, he says, for it is the people of the country who need this knowledge, not just their elected chief executive and his staff. No counterintelligence officer could ever buy that. The CIA's and the country's best interests were well served by the fact that William Colby, and not one of their ilk, was Director of Central Intelligence when Congress asked for an accounting.

—*Joseph Burkholder Smith*

How Energy Affects the Economy. A. Bradley Askin. Lexington, $15.50.

How to Produce a Small Newspaper. Editors of the *Harvard Post*. Harvard Common Press, $9.95.

Hurdles: The Admissions Dilemma in American Education. Herbert Sacks, M.D. Atheneum, $12.95.

The Illegals. Grace Haskell, Stein and Day, $8.95.

The Illusion of Peace: Foreign Policy in the Nixon-Kissinger Years. Tad Szulc. Viking. $20. Richard Nixon stood in the grandstand on Pennsylvania Avenue that day in 1969 reviewing the inaugural parade. His Secretary of State, William P. Rogers, indulging in ceremonial chit-chat, was interrupted by a man who requested his signature on a cable he had just drafted to an American ambassador abroad. The amiable Rogers smiled, signed. Symbolically, it was his abdication: henceforth the other man—Henry Kissinger—would manage American foreign policy in a close working relationship with Nixon.

It was a remarkable partnership, the President and his assistant for national security affairs. Both men were extraordinarily well-versed in international affairs. Pragmatists, they thought creatively, and each was a tough, effective negotiator. For a while American policy was "more active, searching and intellectually aggressive than at any time since World War II." Although loners, insecure to the point of paranoia, Nixon and Kissinger needed each other to reach the goal on which their reputations were to be made—building a structure of peace.

In the end, by the assessment of Szulc, a veteran *New York Times* foreign affairs reporter who has done a Herculean job of recreating the period, they failed badly.

Szulc is at his best behind the scenes of the Vietnam debacle, throughout which two opposing bureaucratic alliances sought Nixon's ear. Our military and Saigon establishments urged escalating force; the CIA, the State Department, and Defense Secretary Laird (that's right) warned of its folly. Nixon and Kissinger consistently followed the former advice—and prolonged the war four unnecessary years.

Their policy of detente brought limited areas of agreement with the Soviet Union. But detente is not a magic wand by which the United States, seeking to retain its position of dominance in various world arenas, can persuade the Russians to include themselves out. Nixon and Kissinger oversold the concept and became prisoners of their own infatuation.

The 1969 Nixon-Kissinger move to

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negotiate a Middle East settlement with the Soviet Union without the participation of Israel and Egypt succeeded only in getting the Russian camel's eager nose firmly into that tent. Kissinger's assessment that the white regimes of Africa were there to stay forever was "demolished by forces of history he failed to perceive." The sorry performance in Chile, where Nixon decided that the democratically elected Allende simply had to go, helped set in concrete the Latin American distrust of the United States. And in spite of triumphs claimed for SALT I, the two superpowers continued to build new generations of overkill weapons.

It wasn't all bad. The opening to China, a Nixon initiative that Kissinger resisted, survives. Nixon's renunciation of chemical and biological warfare is a bright spot, almost out of place in the general immorality of his foreign and domestic manipulations.

In a way, it's too soon to ask us to re-experience the Nixon years, the bitterness of the times, the self-serving "firsts" (a necessary devaluation of the dollar becomes "the most significant event that has occurred in world financial history"), the recollection of everyone high in the administration spying on everyone else (besides tapping his favorite speechwriter, William Safire, Nixon had the telephone of Laird's military assistant bugged so that his conversations with Laird could be monitored; meanwhile a Navy yeoman was passing Kissinger's secret papers to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

And the fetish for secrecy: Although Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin was on the plane when Kissinger made his first official visit to the Soviet Union, U.S. Ambassador Jacob Beam was unaware of Kissinger's presence in Moscow until he'd been there three days. Then Kissinger told Beam that he trusted *him* but not Secretary Rogers. (When Watergate engulfed Nixon and forced him to leave foreign policy entirely in Kissinger's hands, the joys of retirement were pointed out to old Bill Rogers and Kissinger became Secretary of State in name as well as in fact.)

Fortunately, Szulc's reporter's instinct for anecdote tempers the depression of reliving Richard Nixon, as when he relates how Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco tried to ingratiate himself with Israeli negotiators by mentioning the chicken soup he loved to eat at the Brooklyn home of his Jewish friends, the Goodmans. An Israeli was heard to say, "Sisco is trying to trade Mrs. Goodman's chicken soup for pullback from Suez."

—*Leonard Reed*

In The Senate: Amidst the Conflict and the Turmoil. Sen. Norris Cotton. Dodd, Mead, $12.95.

The Investigators: Managing FBI and Narcotics Agents. James Q. Wilson. Basic, $10.

Jock Culture U. S. A. Neil Isaacs. Norton, $9.95.

Kennedy Presidential Press Conferences. George W. Johnson, ed. Earl M. Coleman Enterprises, $35.

The Landed Gentry. Sophy Burnham. Putnam's, $10.95 An excerpt from this book appeared in the April issue of *The Washington Monthly.*

Morale. John Gardner. Norton, $7.95.

Neither Cruel nor Unusual: The Case for Capital Punishment. Frank G. Carrington. Arlington House, $8.95.

A New Guide to Federal Cable Television Regulations. Steven R. Rivkin. MIT Press, $25.

New York Jew. Alfred Kazin. Alfred A. Knopf, $10.95. Brooklyn's Brownsville neighborhood was a ghetto—before it deteriorated. Today much of the East Brooklyn district is an abandoned, burned-out, no-man's-land. Since World War II, Brownsville has been a black and Puerto Rican ghetto, although its residents are fast moving out, and no one is moving in. Earlier in the century, Brownsville was a classic ghetto—a Jewish ghetto. Almost 30 years ago, in his lyrical memoir, *A Walker in the City*, Alfred Kazin recalled the Brownsville of his youth. It was Jewish, self-consciously working class, a battleground between home-grown radicals from the Socialist and Communist parties, a place one longed to escape and a place one could never really leave.

New York Jew begins with Kazin at 27, escaped from Brownsville, already a published author, living in Manhattan, and an editor of the *New Republic.* Spending his days at the Forty-second Street Library, Kazin produced the distinguished literary criticism that had earned him his ticket out of Brooklyn and into Manhattan, the "city" of his boyhood dreams.

This latest memoir is less vivid and less intense than *A Walker in the City*, as if

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Kazin's boyhood dream remained more real to him than the fulfillment of the dream. Still a walker in the city, Kazin remains the detached observer as he strides through the years. Kazin passes through Henry Wallace's *New Republic* and Henry Luce's *Fortune*. He divorces, remarries, divorces, and remarries again. He travels to Europe and summers in East Hampton. He remains loyal in his fashion to the to the democratic radicalism exemplified by his personal trinity of Silone, Orwell, and Camus; loathes both the Stalinists and the professional anti-communists; passes through the 1960s bemused by both the power worship of the New Frontiersmen and the anti-intellectualism of the New Left; and savors the '70s despite the desolation of his old Brownsville neighborhood and the blight of his new neighborhood, Manhattan's West Side. As the memoir concludes, he contemplates the impending death of New York City, asks where God has gone, but admits that he's having a good time.

Over the years, Kazin brushes against a bewildering array of literary figures, and recalls a little about each of them. Richard Hofstadter was a closet conservative even during the 1930s; the bisexual Paul Goodman once spent a night with a woman whom Kazin had loved; Robert Frost always went to bed late; Ignazio Silone was often depressed and depressing; and much, much more.

The reader seeking literary gossip will be delighted, but the reader yearning for a sense of the public passions of Kazin's time won't. Kazin's time is our own time—a time of economic crisis, war, totalitarianism abroad, and witch-hunts at home. But like the rest of us, he recalls a brief love affair more vividly than the fall of an Italian government. He quests not for a cause or even a muse, but for new experiences.

So he finds himself happier for a moment at the unabashedly capitalist *Fortune* than at the New Dealish *New Republic*, because the Luce magazines had more of a sense of style and excitement. He has lunch with Ignazio Silone, an anti-communist, and Carlo Levi, a communist, and finds Silone more politically congenial but Levi more fun. He remembers a youthful Saul Bellow, always an endearing hustler. But he recalls more wistfully Bellow's sidekick, Isaac Rosenfeld, who contributed nothing to literature. Rosenfeld once spent several days in a

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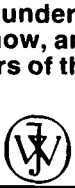

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homemade cardboard orgone box in a futile effort to tap into the sexual forces floating through the universe. Through decades of the literary life, Kazin remains not only a man of letters but also a very human, unusually lively, and essentially decent man.

Or, as they would have said in Brownsville, Kazin remained a *mensch*. As the title of his memoir emphasizes, Kazin cannot forget his Jewishness, and he re-identifies himself as a Jew on almost every page. His Jewishness is not a religion or an ethnic badge in the current fashion, but rather a heritage of marginality, keen observation, irony, identification with the outcast, and zest for new experiences.

Kazin began *A Walker in the City* with the declaration: "Every time I go back to Brownsville, it is as if I never left." Now, he cannot go back to his old neighborhood, because it has been torched for the insurance money. But the memory of Brownsville survives in the mind of the successful writer, and he retains the compassion and humility that are strangers to so many other New York intellectuals who gladly forgot their origins.

—*David Kusnet*

Nobody Said It Would Be Easy: Raising Responsible Kids—And Keeping Them Out of Trouble. Dr. Dan Kiley. Harper & Row, $10.

Political Control of the Economy. Edward R. Tufte. Princeton University Press. $10. Bet you don't know what octokyphosis is.

As it relates to government practice, it's the great increase in checks mailed during October of election years.

Tufte documents one of the foibles of democracies: incumbents seeking reelection bribe the public with cash in election years. Since 1950 there have been 13 increases in social security benefits, nine of them coming in even-numbered (election) years; veterans' benefits increase an average of $220 million per year in non-election years, $660 million in election years. From 1946 to 1976 the median rate of growth in disposable income (fostered by government payments) was 3.3 per cent in years when an incumbent president sought reelection—or about twice the rate of all other years. The result is an electoral rhythm in the economy, with unemployment bottoming out during elections a result of inflationary actions whose impact will be felt in the post-election years. And the rhythm has become international as the large capitalist democracies have synchronized their elections to the American even-year pattern.

"The electoral-economic cycle," says Tufte, "breeds a lurching, stop-and-go economy the world over. Governments fool around with transfer payments, making an election-year prank out of the social security and the payroll tax. There is a bias toward policies with immediate highly visible benefits and deferred, hidden costs—myopic policies for myopic voters. Special interests induce coalition-building politicians to impose small costs on the many to achieve benefits for the few."

Should economic policy be depoliticized, then, and more of it put in the hands of disinterested civil servants?

Nix, says Tufte. The erratic rhythm of the economy is the price we pay for having elections. "The only worse situation would be if political leaders did not have to worry about elections at all."

Tufte believes that if economic writers and the opposition party were more assiduous in exposing attempts to manipulate the economy for short-run political gains the public response would restrain the more blatant offenses. And he offers a rather simple mechanical improvement: establish and institute odd-year dates for the adjustment of the various benefit programs so that they don't coincide with elections.

—*Leonard Reed*

The Seven Deadly Sins Today. Henry Fairlie, drawings by Vint Lawrence. New Republic, $10. Henry Fairlie describes himself as a reluctant unbeliever—reluctant because the absence of faith is like living with a hole in the stomach. Why, then, his concern with sin, long the province of the clergy?

Faith or no faith, on the basis of his writing Fairlie comes off as a religious man—one who believes the individual must accept responsibility for self, group, and the future.

Next question. Why the "Today" in the title? Fairlie's premise is that being human we are seeded with all of the deadly sins, that our individual characters are formed by the choices we make in submitting to or resisting them, but that the social values of the times influence us toward either the right path or the garden path. By his reckoning the devil points the way in our contemporary society.

Fairlie's devil takes many forms:

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psychiatry, which lets us be comfortable with our sins... the self-centeredness of the various searches for "identity" and "self-actualization". . . the I'm all right, you're all right approach, which really means let's not sweat it, I'll expect nothing of you and you expect nothing of me. . . the mechanization of sex ("We must all plod through *The Joy of Sex* as if it is the Canadian Air Force book of exercises.") . . . the worship of celebrities (the celebrity is someone to whom we ascribe no virtuousness, whose talents are not of primary interest, whom we do not think of as wise beyond us or generous beyond us or selfless beyond us. . . . He is merely paid beyond us."). . . the trivialization of the concept of "rights" by which every felt want is demanded as a right... California, where " 'being laid back' and 'mellowing out' are day-long preoccupations" and which offers innumerable shortcuts to heaven . . . the endless acquisitiveness which society encourages ("Those who have seen the exhibition of Tutankhamen's treasures must in the end find something ghastly in it... with all their brilliance and art they are decadent and meaningless. It was they that survived. ... the man had become the most lifeless of all the objects. If we look straightforwardly at our societies now, how can we deny that this is an image of us?").

This is not the age of the essay. Modern urban life keeps us on a perpetual jag, impatient with anything longer than television's 32-second reports. These essays—one on each of the deadly sins and another on "The Paths of Love"—deserve to be read at leisurely intervals on a hammock, where the lounger can savor some of Fairlie's observations and joyously hoot at others.

—*Leonard Reed*

The Soviet Syndrome. Alain Besancon. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95.

The Supreme Court and Its Publics: The Communication of Policy Decisions. Larry Charles Berkson. Lexington Books. $14.50. The texture of language in Supreme Court decisions is "legal lumpy." Groups most affected by decisions are frequently unaware of them and remain in unknowing non-compliance. Proposals to curb Latin phraseology and legalese in court decisions are resisted by lawyers, probably because their livelihood depends upon being the sole interpreters of the jargon.

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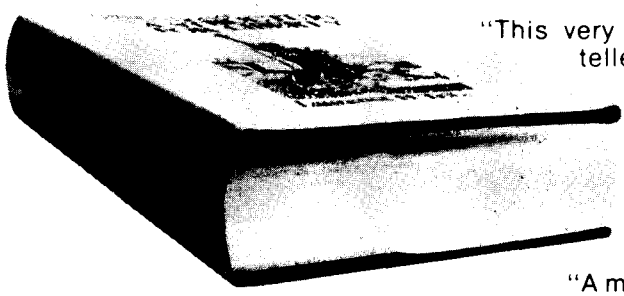
—*Library Journal*



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These are some of the conclusions Berkson reaches as he explores the noncommunication between the Supreme Court and a public that respects but does not understand it.

In awareness and comprehension of decisions that affect them occupationally, law enforcement officers rank first, well ahead of attorneys, while teachers and school board members (on such questions as prayers and Bible-reading in class) get the dunce caps.

How to improve communications?

"First," says Berkson with commendable temerity, "justices should be made aware of the fact that generally they are poor writers"; he goes on to suggest that they become acquainted with Fowler's *Modern English Usage*. He urges shorter and fewer opinions (between 1949 and 1974—why are all academic studies four years in arrears?—the number of opinions rose from 87 to 122 and the number of pages per decision from 9 to 16); he deplores the practice of writing concurring opinions just to get on the scoreboard. Berkson considers newspaper coverage and interpretation of decisions poor and misleading (the non-daily press gets better marks), with improvement possible if the Supreme Court Public Information Office would do a better servicing job.

It would be good to report that this book, which devotes so many of its pages to a critique of style, is itself a model of crispness. Alas, association with the legal profession contaminates. Berkson labors with such sentences as, "Indeed, it is widely recognized that many opinions are permeated with a large quantity of dicta [judicial asides]" when "Many opinions are heavily padded with asides" would get there sooner.

—*Leonard Reed*

Answers to last month's puzzle.

P	O	L	I	T	I	C	A	L	■	C	R	I	M	E
A	■	A	■	E	■	O	■	E	■	R	■	N	■	A
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A	■	K	■	O	■	H	■	I	■	T	■	R	■	Y
C	H	I	A	N	T	I	■	E	X	I	S	T	E	D
E	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	N	■	C	■	I	■	A
S	T	R	I	C	T	E	S	T	■	I	T	A	L	Y
■	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	■
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S	U	B	D	I	V	I	D	E	■	R	I	S	E	N
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N	I	X	O	N	■	W	A	T	E	R	G	A	T	E

Take Off the Masks. Malcolm Boyd. Doubleday, $7.95.

Victim Compensation, Economic, Legal and Political Aspects. Roger E. Meiners. Lexington, $13.95. Few doubt that crime is big business in the United States or that the extent of victimization is anything less than appalling. Yet public compensation of crime's victims is by no means the most logical solution, Roger Meiners contends at great pains. In fact, it's a "political placebo," just one more "perverse collective response to the ogre of crime" that haunts us.

Meiners is rigorous in his analysis of the flaws inherent in proposed public victim compensation programs. But what begins as a straightforward discussion becomes a statistical tedium intended to shore up an argument which already makes a good deal of sense.

Unfortunately, alternative solutions are much more simplistically discussed. Getting the crooks in jail and keeping them there longer in order to establish a system of restitution payments is the chief technique Meiners seems to espouse.

—*Janet Marinelli*

The Wanting of Levine. Michael Halberstam. Lippincott. $10. The central character of this intelligently written ethnic and political satire finds himself the overnight front-runner in the 1988 presidential race after he recites the *Kaddish* on network television during a moment of national tragedy. Halberstam (co-author of the nonfiction *A Coronary Event*) here posits a "small-is-ugly" future in which gasoline has run out, state armies war on each other for water and fishing rights, and the United States has dropped off the map of international influence. The satire is amiable, and Levine, a previously obscure electronics tycoon and Democratic Party moneybags, is an engaging character. But the politicians with whom he comes into contact—militantly middle-class blacks, old, old, old New Dealers, neo-libertarian eco-freaks, et al.—share an eye-glazing tendency to lecture both the candidate and the reader.

—*Garrett Epps*

World Energy Markets and OPEC Stability. Ali Ezzati. Lexington, $17.95.

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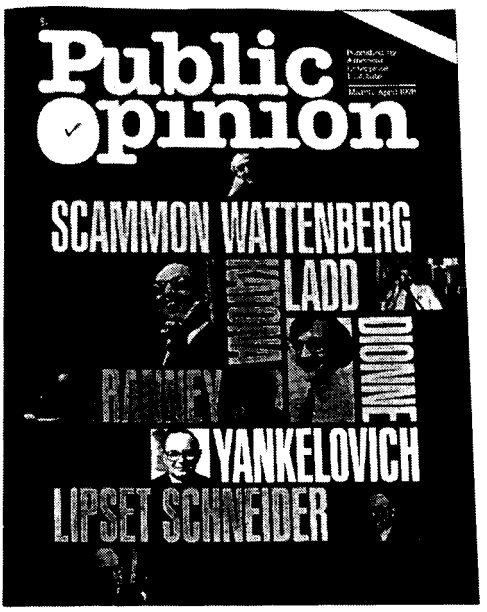

. . . about President Carter . . . defense spending . . . big business
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Public Opinion, a new bimonthly magazine of the American Enterprise Institute, not only explores opinions on those issues, but analyzes their underlying meaning and the events that produced them.

Co-edited by two experienced observers of the political scene, Seymour Martin Lipset and Ben J. Wattenberg, every issue features articles by prominent writers, journalists and scholars interpreting public sentiments both here and abroad.

And along with the articles, there is a 16-page display of current opinion data from major survey organizations across the country. Each "opinion round-up" is prepared with the assistance of the Roper Center, the oldest and largest archive of sample survey data in the world.

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HOW TO REDUCE RUST

YOU MAY BE WASHING THE WRONG SIDE OF YOUR CAR.

Spring is a perfect time to do something about rust.

Rusting is a year-round problem, and corrosive conditions have become a lot worse in the last five years.

If you live where salt is used to melt ice on the roads, that is speeding up corrosion on your car. If you live in the country, it's the calcium chloride that's spread on dirt roads to hold down dust. And corrosive chemicals in the air are causing rust in every part of America.

We're doing something to help prevent rust on the new cars we're building. Meanwhile, you can do something about reducing rust on your car.

It's important to wash your car often. Use a mild soap and lukewarm or cold water.

Please don't neglect the underside of your car. The worst rusting happens from the inside out. That's because salt, slush, and even mud tend to collect in the crevices underneath the car, in the door creases, and inside the fenders. Moisture gets trapped in those places and causes rust. So try to wash the underside of your car, too. In winter, if you can, and at the first opportunity in spring. Even if it's only a few times a year, that would help some.

If your car gets dented, scratched, or chipped, try to get it repaired as soon as possible. Even a "small" scratch is bad. Because once a car starts to rust, the damage spreads fast. The paint around a dent or scratch can look okay, but rust is spreading underneath. In the long run, it's cheaper to fix the car right away.

A lot of people think that parking a car in a heated garage during the winter will help prevent rust. But it's just the opposite. Cold slows down the rusting process, as it does most chemical reactions.

We're doing more now to protect GM cars from rust. For one thing, we're using more rust-resistant materials, including different types of zinc-coated steel, in places where rust usually occurs. Also, our new paint primers and the way we apply them are designed to provide a thorough finish, even on some parts of the car you can't see.

Our goal is to protect your car so that it lasts longer and gives you the most value. And fighting rust helps.

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